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Embattled Issue

THE COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL PENITENTIARY

'De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum'

('Speak No Evil Of The Dead')

MEDIA MANIA

Editorial by Teddy Carr

The past months have witnessed many cataclysmic events in the prisons of Canada. The eyeball of public attention has been focused upon us, the prisoners, through the 'on the spot' reporting by the efficient news services of the radio, television, and newspapers. Their job is to report the facts to the people, as is necessary for a democratic state. This was followed by continuing attention to other details of our life which was really harping on the issue. Suddenly it became important for the news to include some aspect such as the marathons or the TLA program, to denounce them, to categorize them in the shadow of events which had grabbed the headlines. An item would be singled out, highlighted, and then twisted until they portrayed an image quite apart from reality. This sensationalism has been used by the gaurd's union to further their propaganda campaign for super-duper-max. They are always on the mark with a ready statement for the eager newsboys looking for a story. Obviously they are adept at public relations.

Perhaps there is a lesson for us all here; the idea of public relations and its use to further our own cause. We should look amongst our ranks to find someone suitable of character and strength of mind to go forth and wrestle with the giant called Media. This will be no easy task because headlines of prison outrage sell papers which advertise the corporations who rip off workers (slaves) for their hard earned money, gobble up the natural resources, and rape the environment. But they never go to jail. Indeed, their self-interests are protected by the Criminal Code and the barbarian machinery which incarcerates us.

So we will take on quite a foe in this battle of words and ideas, but it is high time we entered the battle with them on their turf and with their tools of war. To wreck a cell, or a range, or even an entire prison is now within our grasp, but it only serves our needs so far; to shout it out that the prisons are old, decrepit, and unfit for any human being. To enter into the realm of media would be to mold the thoughts, ideas, and knowledge of the masses. There is too much ignorance on the street of the way things really are in here, and our oppressors are taking advantage of that. There is a need to expose the conditions in the archaic prisons and to promote the accomplishments elsewhere. Even the National Parole Board has an expert to do this job for them. This work has been carried on in the past by members of the press sympathetic to our plight, and credit should go to them for much of the reform of the last decade, but we have only begun and things will only get hotter in the future.

Preview

Back at the office, we've been putting together an issue chock full of timely articles whilst battling amongst ourselves. In the letters department, one inmate relates his experience in the continuing drama of our hospital. The questions raised are made more horrifying by the reprint of Bobby Landers' death in the hole of Millhaven. Our new section, 'Local Stops On The Success Train,' is an effort to bring you some late news from within our double fence. Unfortunately things happen so fast sometimes that we can't keep up. As of December 1, 1976, prison director J.W. Gibbs has informed the Inmate Committee that beards are allowed with only minor restrictions regarding people operating machinery. Our interview delves into the vocational training section, which is the very purpose of this joint. The Jaycees have come under the magnifying glass of inspection in a critique that relates back to media misrepresentation. All this and plenty more, so dig in and if you find need to comment, feel free to drop us a line, or bomb, or take us hostage.

Crime is only the retail department of what, in wholesale we call penal law.

George Bernard Shaw

THE COMMUNICATOR

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OFF THE WALL
BOX 160
Prince Albert,
Sask.

October 16, 1976

Dear Editor;

Thanks for your recent letter. As to the corrections that you have outlined re: Con Act - they will appear in the present issue, that we are, at this very moment, going to press with. You can look for your copy in another 2 to 3 weeks.

Another point of contention. I wanted to thank you for the last issue of the Communicator. There was a little trouble with it - not with the content ar anything like that. Getting it. Our Social Development Department scooped it from the in-coming mail, and was holding it hostage - pending a decision on the use of profanity (m.....f.....) and they also seemed to be questioning the validity of the poem, the Rapist. Well, finally I managed to get my greedy little hands on it - I felt that if they were holding out - there must be some real fine scandal - alas - it was not all that pornographic. However, they have advised that you be informed that in the future if the term m....f.... appears in print, they will not let it in here. Oh well....boo hoo.
It seems heat is a thing that all presses share, no matter what time of year . And to think it could be this gawd awful hot, and it is almost the middle of the winter.

For now -

Bill Haas
Fraternally yours

Dear Editor:

What I have to say concerns everyone especially the inmates of Springhill Institution who have to go over to that place they call a hospital. I hardly ever become ill, other than catching a cold now and then which I usually fight off myself. One day this month (Oct/76) I woke up about 4:00am with bad pains in my back and side. I tried hard to get back to sleep but the pains wouldn't let me. About 7:30 I dressed and made my way slowly to the hospital. I asked if the doctor was in but he wasn't. The guy who was working there asked if he could help me, so I lifted my shirt and told him about the pains and how I was not able to sleep. He said it was probably a sprained muscle and there was nothing he could do. I hadn't lifted any weight in two days, but he said it may have happened in my sleep. He told me to go to work and that the pains would work themselves out. Once again I told him how bad the pains were and that I was very tired; would he give me something for the pain and let me go back to the unit and try and get some rest? He told me rest I didn't need, going back to bed wouldn't help. Then he gave me two little yellow pills to take care of the pain and sent me on my way.

Back in the unit I was feeling weak and sick to my stomach, while the pains didn't get any better. I got ready for work and went off to the kitchen. When I got there I told the head of the staff how I was feeling and asked if I could have the day off. I went on to explain what had just happened in the hospital. He explained that the doctor was the only one who could give me the day off. I left his office and started peeling onions, the pains still aching in my back. My heart felt like it was spinning around. I tried drinking some coffee but I couldn't keep it down. I felt like I would drop at any minute. At 11:00, when the kitchen gang was eating dinner, a guard asked me if I was still sick. He tried phoning the hospital to find out if they would see me again, but they said I should wait until noon like everyone else. I didn't feel like eating, but I drank about half a cup of coffee.

At noon I went back to the unit and didn't bother with the hospital cause I knew it was no use. I got hold of a hot water bottle and went to bed and got to sleep until 4:20. The pain wasn't as bad when I woke up but I still felt weak. I went over to the kitchen and had a bowl of soup and a glass of milk.

Now, let me ask you, do you think that anyone should be able to tell you how you feel or how much pain you can take? Is it because I'm an inmate that I should never get sick or feel pain? If the guy at the hospital had gone to his doctor with the same troubles, he would have expected better treatment. If they acted the way he acted towards me, he might have taken court action. Could it be that he gets paid anyway and just doesn't give a damn? Or did he think that I lied about the pains? It could be that the hospital staff are just to busy and have too much work to do to care for the sick.

Let's just suppose that I was coming down with a disease. There I was in the kitchen where all the food for inmates and staff was being prepared. Other guys could have caught it from me, then maybe it would get into the food, which everybody would have eaten. First it would spread in here, then maybe out to the communities in the area. You see what I mean? This place could have been in some real trouble, and all because someone had been careless.

I wonder if I would have been treated this way if I was a staff member? Am I nothing in this place? There is one thing that I'm thankful for; thank God I wasn't dying!

Respectfully,
Just an Inmate

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LOCAL STOPS ON THE SUCCESS TRAIN

Cod Co

Is the great Kukuachek here in Springhill? This question was raised in a scene when in the year of 1647, mail order brides arrived on stage in Upper Canada. First came the query as to what exactly the Kukuachek is, and "Paranoia in Springhill" drew the most acclaim.

By now you must be wondering what this is all about. On October 24th, the inmates of Springhill Institution were graced with a dose of Newfie craziness in the form of Cod Co, a theater group from Newfoundland that has recently been touring Canada. Under the thumb of the Kanada Kouncil, they have spread word of the search for the Wild Cod. In a scene graphically depicting the sounds of howling wind and screeching gulls, the motion of waves in the sea, and the loneliness of a fisherman's home, the audience was transported to the Grand Banks in what resulted in a fishless search.

The group consists of Greg Malone, Mary Walsh, Andy Jones, Dyan Olsen, Bob Joy, Cathy Jones, Tommy Sexton, and all their affairs, other than the incestuous ones, are managed by Maise Rilley who operated the lights. All are native Newfoundlanders who have been performing together for three years. The material is all written and directed by the group as a whole, and the years of work is starting to pay off with their current tour.

In an interview after the show they said it had been a hard time starting off the show in here. It seemed like a certain part of the audience was just sex, sex, sex, but after things warmed up everyone enjoyed it, as much as the poor facilities would allow. The sound was bad 'cause of the acoustics, but the few songs that were played were well received. All agreed that a return engagment would be in order if they survive the next three weeks touring Newfoundland.

AA Anniversary

EIGHT YEARS YOUNG IN A.A.'s

On Sunday, October 17, 1976, the Faithful Group A.A.'s here at Springhill Institution observed their eighth anniversary. As well as the membership, representatives of A.A. groups from Amherst, Oxford, Springhill, Shubenacadie, Buctouche, N.B., Charlottetown, P.E.I., and the newly formed Universal Group from the Apple River project were in attendance.

Unfortunately due to a shortage of time not all of the many fine speakers present had the opportunity to speak. Four speakers from amongst the visitors, one member of our group, and our outside sponsor for the Faithful Group, gave us talks.

The secretary mentioned the Faithful Group was a unique A.A. group. Unique perhaps only in the respect that all of the members are serving prison sentences as a result of their misuse of alcohol or drugs or a combination of both. He told the guests that he would like to say a word for our side. Some sins are not as awful as their public labels, others may be more so. A man can be driven to drink, a man can be provoked and driven to many things.

Of course many of these things are wrong, but so is condemnation, human contempt for the transgressor, delivered so far in advance of the final reckoning. There are a lot of surprises in the future.

There are many types of alcoholics.

As an alcoholic, one can be reluctant to believe in anything. As an inmate alcoholic it is even more difficult to believe in anything. We must be shown and shown again to prove that we can be helped. He told the outside visitors that we need outside people to come in and show us and tell us that, yes, A.A. does work. He mentioned that they were the living proof; people who have made it through the program and are living the A.A. way of life on the street. He closed by stating that he felt it was impossible to over emphasize the importance of outside guests to this group. There were approximately sixty visitors attending the anniversary.

Sobriety chips were presented to four of our members. Specific thanks was given to the coordinators for the time and consideration that they put into making a success of the AA program here. Thanks also to the members who assisted with the preparations. After the meeting, those present adjourned to the other classroom where refreshments were provided.

The membership was very pleased with the response the Anniversary received from the outside members in the Atlantic region.

Beards

On November 5th, 1976, another inmate and myself submitted request forms asking permission to grow beards. On November 7th our request forms were returned and marked request denied.

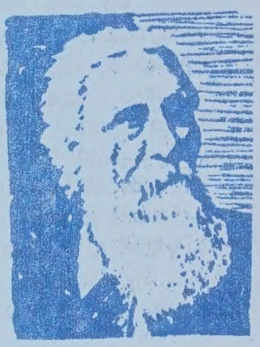
A recent transfer from the Dorchester penitentiary told me that approximately one quarter of the population were sporting beards. I was transfered back here from the farm annex about two months ago and a good percentage of the population were wearing beards there.

To my knowledge, a directive was sent from Ottawa to each Federal Institution stating that it was up to the individual institution of whether to allow permission for beards or not. If they are allowed in Dorchester, a maximum security penitentiary, and Westmorland Institution, a minimum security institution, why can we not have one here? Can it be an identity problem? I feel they are taking my true identity away as I always wear a beard on the street. Even my wife says that its not like being with the real me when she visits me and sees my clean shaven or short stubbled face.

Since the erection of the second fence the percentage of escapes and escape attempts has dropped considerably. They have pictures of us all with no beards and we are also photographed before being released on T.L.A.'s so I am sure that beards are not a security threat.

The beliefs of many a cult is to grow a beard, but why should religion have a priority in this matter. Jesus has a beard so why can't all Christians have beards?

Certainly in this day and age no one can associate beards with an ungroomed or unkept appearence. It certainly appears to be the style of the street folk and even many of the staff here at the institution are dressed in beards. In this age of rehabilitation, rather than punishment, why should we, the potential beard growers, be segregated in this way from the rest of society. Thirty days are granted with permission, to grow a beard before leaving the institution. To most men this is just enough time to aquire a dirty look about their face.



Red Tape

Recently, the proceedure for T.L.A. in the case of lifers was complicated even further by the addition of the National Parole Board to the list of needed signatures on an application for leave of any kind.

After an individual has been passed for T.L.A. in whatever institution he or she is at, the case is forewarded to the N.P.B., for whatever comments they might have, and for their opinion or judgement on the application. Then, the paper is sent back to the Regional Headquarters ,

for the remarks of the Regional Director. This new business will delay the already tedious waiting at least another month.

As was the case with mini - paroles being the forerunner of the Mandatory Supervision Nightmare, this pattern will gradually spread to dangerous sexual offenders, violent offenders, and then to finally encompass the entire T.L.A. situation.

Is this a demonstration of the soon to come unification of all the Federal Corrections Departments? Only time will tell, and we've got plenty of that.

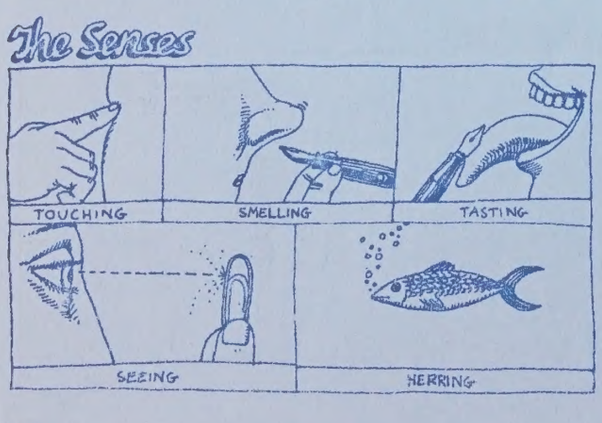
Ombudsman

Rumor had it that on October 13 Inger Hansen would show up in Springhill and sure enough, the evening came and and she was here. Unfortunately there was total lack of preparation for the event, which meant that not everything planned was able to take place.

The Inmate Committee had invited Miss Hansen to speak to the general population in the gym before the movie on the subject of her work as Correctional Investigator. She was eager to address us but when the time came, there was no PA system in the gym and the movie was ready to roll. The decision was made to spend the evening in discussion between the Inmate Committee and Miss Hansen, who was accompanied by Dennis Albertini, an investigator from her office.

During the discussion many items were covered; examples of help she has given to other inmates in other jails, and examples of times she has been unable to help. She describes her job as that of an auditor, one who can look at the books to see if any mistakes or injustice have occured. When a clerical or administrative error is made, she can spot it and make sure it's fixed.

Miss Hansen was invited to return so she could speak to the population when everything was ready. She agreed and the date of December 8 was tentativly set, that being a Wednesday movie night. She will be speaking for a short while and will then answer some general questions from the audience. Due to a lack of time she will not be able to see anyone on a personal interview at this time. If you do have any questions, get ready and be there.



Citizens' Advisory Committee

Since the last issue of the Communicator, there have been two meetings of the Citizens Advisory Committee, but the attendance has been sparse even though there is a membership drive on. Ever since the committee was started, this has been a major problem, and no one has too much of an idea what the problem is. We received one report from the Ontario region and they were experiencing similar difficulty.

At the October meeting, we were told that the Arts and Crafts position was still open and that it was to be reclassified, and as of the November meeting, the opening is easier to fill as the educational requirements have been lowered a bit.

The C.A.C. was again invited to the Jaycee Annual Social on Nov. 20. There was no comment on this.

The AMEL group has been disbanded, Frank Oliver advised, but there are some plans in the works to reorganize the group, but with different guidelines. At the November meeting, the committee was told that some residents of the home have visited the institution to use our gym facilities and to maintain relationships with some of the group members.

The Inmate Committee was at the meeting in October and explained the petition in further detail, and the committee head, Ruth Cottingham, sent a letter to the Regional Director commending the act of the Inmate Committee in writing a petition, instead of having a demonstratio

tition,instead of having a demonstration which could have resulted in a loss of credibility for the things mentioned in the petition. At the November meeting a letter from the Regional Director was read, thanking the committee for their concern, and stating that that office was in virtual constant communication with the institution on the matter of the petition.

As a result of the petition, some new procedures have been implemented, as Mr. Gibbs explained at the latest meet. The hospital now goes to reception and briefs each group of newcomers on the sick parade and medical facilities that are available to them here.

The Family Visiting Day problem is still up in the air, at least as of the meeting.

Mr. Gibbs was also asked about the institutions' policy on beards, and he said that the old policy was still in effect, and that only for medical reasons could any inmate sprout facial hair.

Inmate Committee

In the last issue we featured the petition that went around Springhill last August, and since then there has been a certain amount of action as a response. There isn't the space here to cover everything in detail, but an outline should give you an idea of what's happening.

Family Visiting Day bounced around with a series of proposals being presented only to be turned down by the Administration. At long last a strictly limited program was approved, but not many people were happy about it. After more talks, including important support from certain sectors, a final proposal was approved which seemed favourable in everyone's eyes. The arrangements are now being made for the afternoon of December 12.

Mr. D. Lavers and Mr. T. Mahoney of the National Parole Service office in Truro, N.S., attended an Inmate Committee meeting on October 27 to discuss various items that were under "Communications Gap." The process of making a Community Assessment is complex and time consuming but there is no reason for the length of time that some people have waited. The best suggestion was to carefully plan the timing of TLA's and Parole so that only one CA is needed. This is most important for guys doing a two year bit.

In the movie department, a sound system expert came and looked things over. His opinion was that he could fix us up without spending too much money, and a new screen may be in order too.

Many other things have occured that are related, but these were the major items of importance that received needed attention. There are still many problems which we have to continue to live with.

L.S.O.T.S.T.

A well deserved round of applause goes to the following for their contributions to this section: Brian McInnis gave us the low down on beards, J.F. reported on the AA party, hic, Greg Scott with the CAC minutes and TLA for lifers hassles, not to mention yours truly, TC, with the rest. If you have a newsworthy item that deserves attention, write a little something down and give it to us. All contributors will be rewarded with a free one year subscription mailed anywhere in the world. The editors keep the right to make the final decision to print. Hopefully we will avoid mistakes such as on the previous page, sorry Greg.

JAMES GOGAN

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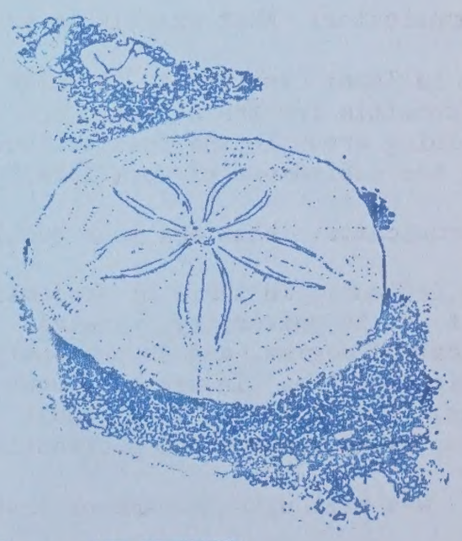

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The Teachings of Len LeBlanc

The System's Way of Knowledge

The new regime at the Communicator is interested in beginning again the practice of interviewing members of the staff or relative agencies that have an effect on the decisions made within the penitentiary service, that affect us all here, and by that, you all out there. In this issue we have interviewed Leonard LeBlanc, who is the Chairman of the Inmate Training Board which assigns all the work placements, organizes the broad spectrum of training available in the institution, and generally is consulted in a lot of the decision making of this institution. As it turned out, the subject matter is not very controversial, but the interview gives a good outline of the changes taking place in the vocational training section and the school.

Communicator: What exactly is your position here ?

Len LeBlanc: Assistant Director Occupational Development, and I am chiefly responsible for the academic and vocational training programs, and for on the job training areas in the institution. I am also chairman of the Inmate Training Board and the assignment of work location for inmates in the institution.

Communicator: What are your qualifications? What sort of background do you have?

Len LeBlanc: In terms of academic background, I have completed secondary education, went on to university, received a Bachelor of Arts degree and then a Bachelor of Education degree, and am presently completing a Masters degree with a Major in Administration. In terms of work experience, I taught in the public schools for one year. Then I worked in an adult education centre for eight years and as a part of those eight years I had penitentiary projects plus regular adult education projects.

C: Was that with Memramcook Institute?

LL: Yes, I was responsible for penitentiary projects in both Dorchester and Springhill. Then in 1975 I went on to Dorchester as Coordinator of Educational Programs and I came here in the fall of the same year.

C: You were classified medium then? (Laughter)

LL: Actually, as Coordinator of Educational programs over there, I had similar responsibilities, but in a different setting. As Assistant Director Occupational Development it is quite different, here I have the total responsibility of the programs.

C: So your background is more in education, rather than in the C.P.S. ?

LL: I have been involved in educational programs, but mainly in the administration of those. When I was in the Adult Education Centre I was department head, looking at different types of programs, either basic training for skill development, fishing projects, a multiplicity of projects actually, that I could be involved with at various times.

C: The old vocational training policy here was more parole oriented, and seemingly there was the practice of the units in putting individuals into the industrial shops to coerce them to sign up for trades training. What can you tell us about this ?

LL: The one thing we are doing is trying to improve selection procedures for training. Now, if you're going to use it as a tool to obtain parole, that is up to you, but we're mainly interested in seeing that the particular skill you have is properly developed to the point that you are able to use it on the street, and get proper accreditation for it, without necessarily having to say that you were here in the institution. A certificate will be issued to you upon successful completion of your course. This certificate is issued by the N.S. Department of Adult Vocational Education, and it is the same one as issued by the province in various adult education modules in the province. That's basically our approach to it. Now, the other approach is that once you are here, our concern is to provide the appropriate training and then try to place you in an on the job training project, in an area where you can work well, and where you can develop the skill acquired in the training area.

C: When you say on the job training, does that mean after the guy is released, or when he has time left after he finished his trade; for example, say he took the Voc. welding and when he finishes he gets a work placement in the Maintainence Sheet Metal, or in the Industrial Sheet Metal where he does some welding?

LL: Right. That is the kind of on the job training that we will be working with in the future. You see, what we are attempting to do, is to get the N.S. Department of Labour involved once you have completed the full training aspect in the vocational area. If you have completed Block One of an apprenticeship training program, you have to do 2000 hours (equivalent to one year) and then go on to Block Two. As it is now, you complete all of Block One, and write the papers for the areas M.V.R. Mechanical, M.V.R. Auto Body, and Plumbing. Then there is Bricklaying, where you have automatically completed by finishing the training. If we can put you in an area where you can get the 2000 hours credited, then when you get on the street, instead of being paid 75% of your salary as an apprentice, you may get 85% of a journeyman's pay.

C: So the hours you work in one of those shops will count toward your journeyman level.

LL: We are working on this so that when you [illegible] 2000 hours, this will count as one year. Then you can go to the Nova Scotia Institute of Technology, complete that five week course, then write the Block Two tests and go on for another 2000 hour year and in the end get the accreditation.

C: The only on the job training that you are talking about is in the Maintainance shops here.

LL: Right now we are looking at the Maintainance section and at the Kitchen.

C: Is there any possibilities of this sort of thing happening on the street with something like the labour pool?

LL: Yes, well, I haven't looked that far yet. I think that we have to do a lot more precision work inside before going on to the outside. The only involvement we have outside is through contact training. Guys who are in training, let's say in the Drywall project, or the Brick-laying project in Oxford, or the one that's coming up right in Springhill here go through contact training, which is the last phase of their training. These are the only projects we have on an ongoing basis. We have no long term specific projects.

C: But you're limited by the surrounding areas?

LL: If you had a neighbouring big city, you could probably be involved in more projects.

C: You mentioned the kitchen as one of the places where on the job training is going on?

LL: It is not going on at present, however we are looking at it. Under such a system, the guys would be indentured in the cooking trade. They could do the cooking trade there, and write for the bakery exams. Hopefully we will be able to do this, we've already dome some exploratory work in that direction.

C: Would you have to get some instructors?

LL: No.

C: The stewards can do that?

LL: Yes, the supervisor in the kitchen and his staff are fully qualified to provide the instruction.

C: We've seen a number of changes recently, things posted on Bulletin boards occassionally about job openings. This is new. Could you explain what the intention is and how you came to put these notices up, and what do you hope to get from them?

LL: Basically I'm using it as a vehicle to inform the population of the job vacancies that are available within the institution. When I complete an Inmate Training Board, sometimes, you end up with a number of vacancies, and the only persons who know of the vacancies are tho ones that were on the board. This way everybody can know about it. Now, if we look at this week, we have one vacancy in the Central Heating Plant and six in Bricklaying. These will hopefully be filled on Thursday, once we go to the board, people will have indicated an interest and if it fits within their plan to go to the Vocational Bricklaying, then they will directly on Monday. I find it a good vehicle because otherwise, there was no way of identifying the work areas we could utilize. I just wonder what sort of feedback you people have been having.

C: People are just sort of surprised. The feedback I've heard in the past is people wanting a workshift and not being able to get one. When you're aware of what shop is open you can put in a shift for it and usually it goes through, rather than trying to get into a shop that's already full.

LL: The way we've had it the last few weeks, we've certainly been able to put the people in the areas they want, and the reports have been good.

C: How are the staff reacting to this?

LL: Very well, I'd say. The feedback that I'm getting, they have taken it well.

C: Have you seen an increase in the number of applications for trades since this has started?

LL: What is happening is that our selection procedures for training will be modified somewhat in the near future. We can usually work well with the ones we have on our waiting lists. There are certain trades that lots of people are waiting for, and I don't know if we'll ever be able to exhaust the list. Of the ones that we can go through and say, there we have seven vacancies, hopefully there will be seven persons who want to take the trade.

C: What is Manpower's involvement with vocational training here? Are the shops a division of the Department of Manpower or the Nova Scotia Department of Education or are they tied together?

LL: In 1974, the Department of Education, Manpower, and the CPS were involved jointly in the academic and vocational training programs. In March '76, Manpower was no longer involved in training, but they are providing a full time counsellor service in the institution. They are also providing labour market data to staff and refers inmates to training or work when they are released. He provides the link between here and the employers on the street.

C: So if you want to go to Kouchibouquac and you want to know if they need welders, you can check with Manpower and pursue your trade?

LL: Yes, he'd go to the Richibucto office and if they need people in that area, he would refer the person to Manpower there.

C: The academic training you mention is mainly an upgrading facility?

LL: Yes, from elementary to the end of intermediate. In addition to the academic training, there is also Life Skills. All of this is available to those who have little or no schooling.

C: If you wanted to upgrade your education in an academic curriculum, how far could you go in the school?

LL: There is no grade level to the program. It's basically a number of skills that you would go through, and when you complete a particular number of skills, you can enter a particular trade.

C: Then it is not at all university oriented, and for that you have to go to correspondence classes.

LL: Yes, basically it is a vocational oriented school.

C: How about the quality of the training in the shops here, is it as good as you would get on the street?

LL: All shops in the vocational area give the same accreditation as you would receive from the Adult Vocational Education section of the Nova Scotia Department of Education. Therefor it is the same as any of the vocational education modules within Nova Scotia. If you havn't completed the training here and you are going out on mandatory supervision or parole, you can go directly into training in a module in Nova Scotia with little or no interruptions. The quality of training, as far as I'm concerned, is certainly meeting the standards established by the N.S. Department of Education. The trades in the vocational area have been identified as having a good demand for those skills on the street.

C: Have you heard anything back from the instructors in an Adult Education center, say in Halifax, where guys have been furthering their training?

LL: Yes, we have received letters from Halifax and from employers who have stated to us that they were satisfied with the training. We have received a few letters from Saint John, N.B., about the welders there in the shipyards. Other people we have transfered onto training did complete it and are working, although there may be some who may not necessarily have because of various reasons.

C: What is the real value of the certificates issued when you finish a course?

LL: It is the same certificate as issued by the N.S. Adult Vocational Education division. It is recognized by them and if you want to write the tests of the N.S. Department of Labour for apprenticeship trades, you get the same recognition as you would on the street.

C: Does it really make a difference when trying to get a job?

LL: Well yes, I think it would, because actually it is issued by a province, and by the Department of Education in this province.

C: Would this help to get you a bit higher pay on the job, starting off on an apprenticeship trade?

LL: There are regulations regarding apprenticeship training. If you are an apprentice and you have completed Block One, you are to receive 75% of what a journeyman would receive. That would be the same as if you had completed your training on the street. There are fixed rates, so there is no problem. Now some of the trades without apprenticeship programs could be different, but that depends upon the employer. I would say the certificate is good, it's valid, it's approved and recognized as a provincial certification. The provincial Department of Education is not a fly-by-night thing.

C: Is this just recently, in the last couple of years? I took a trade in 1972,

then I went to a Manpower counsellor and showed him the certificate I had from this institution. He told me that all it proved to him was that I was interested in the trade. If I was still interested, he could help get me into a trade.

LL: Since 1974 we've had changes.

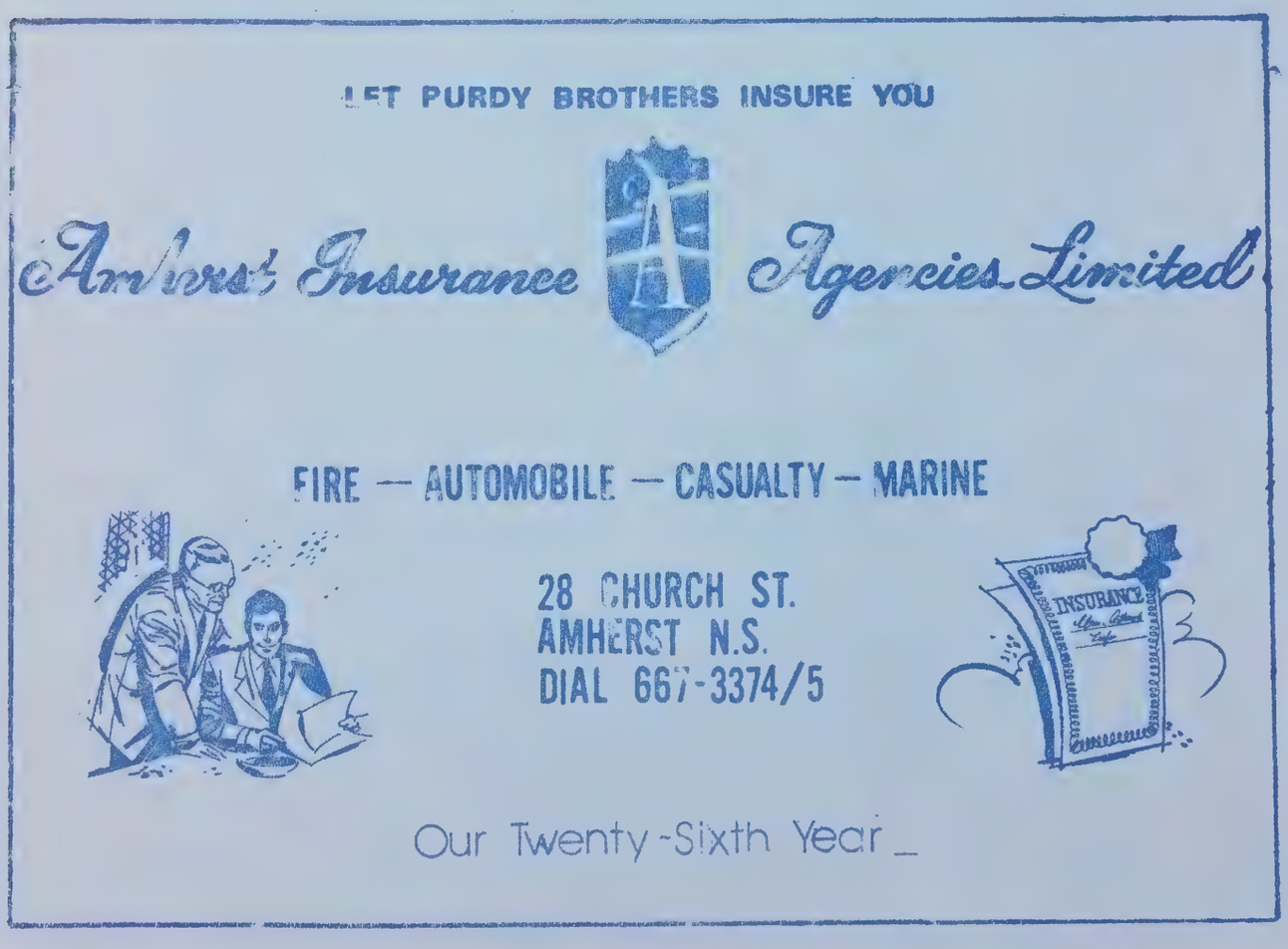
C: Could I write to the Department of Labour and take their tests?

LL: You could, but you may need additional training. I would suggest you see your range officer and talk about it, or meet with the Manpower counsellor for further instructions. Then you may want to pursue this further by initiating a workshift. You could write the tests when we have a writing station here, like we had three weeks ago for Plumbing and MVR Mechanical. You may need to brush up and want to take the last month of the course. I would certainly encourage you to brush up if you havn't touched it for four years.

C: What about the long term goals for the vocational training program here in the institution?

LL: I think that one of the long term objectives that we have in Occupational Development is that we would be able to gear the training according to the needs on the street. If there is a closed trade on the street we may not necessarily be able or want to provide that type of training to individuals here. If there is a great demand for drywall applicators, as an example, we may want to set up a shop for that, like we have now. We want to make sure we have the flexibility of changing from time to time and not necessarily be restricted to those trades that we have now in the vocational shops. The other long term objective is to provide regular labour market information to people in the institution. Along with that would be to provide valid selection of inmates for training. If you have particular interests, lets say you're not particularly aware of them and through testing of various means, we do discover that you have genuine vocational abilities. We would be able to give you the appropriate testing and slot you into training. The training may not necessarily be here, it may be training that you would want to take on the street after you complete your term here. There are some things that we may not be able to provide. Say if you have particular abilities in computers; setting up a computer facility is a costly affair.

C: There would have to be a decent percentage of the population prepared to take that course before you would do that.



LL: Yes, you would have to have a lot of interest in it and facilities nearby to channel computers.

C: That sort of course is being done in Queens University in Kingston, inmates going out of Collins Bay and KP are attending Queens and taking computer programming. Is there possibilities of setting up more training with the local universities?

LL: The education centers are not really that close to here. In Kingston, to go to Queens is just a step and a hop, or in Collins Bay there is St. Lawrence College which is very close. Here it might not necessarily be a remote thing because I remember in Dorchester going through this. Some guys got day parole or full parole to attend university. It can happen now, these things do happen. Another long term objective is to define and develop on the job training. We would probably have appropriate programs in the local area where guys may go on day parole and get approved recognized time with the Department of Labour on the trade that they have completed here. That's still to be worked out. If there are guys who have completed MVR Auto Body and go into the local community here and provide this kind of service, why not get the 2000 hours there?

To wrap up this interview, I think we should boil down all this rambling, and present a clear, concise summary of the things we should look for in the future with the vocational and academic training going on in this institution.

An improved selection procedure for the shops is in the works, and we can already see the beginnings of this development with the posting of job vacancies.

Occupational training should become more work oriented, with ties into the labour market through Manpower representatives, and the training quality should be maintained at the equivalent of other noninstitutional training centres.

People completing trades training before their release should be given an opportunity to put hours toward their journeyman's ticket.

A flexibility of training possibilities so that people are not taking a trade in a flooded market, and so that they will be able to take advantage of new developments or demands for certain skills in the work force.

These are the aims of the Inmate Training Board and its chairman, Leonard LeBlanc. The inaugeration of these procedures is not entirely up to this institution, and are subject to the fluctuations in the budget, as we are presently under the Austerity Plan of cutbacks and financial hard times.

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Poetry in Prison

from a whisper to reality

by PAUL CRAIG

A whisper in the wind
I am sure it is my name.
There it is again
or am I insane?

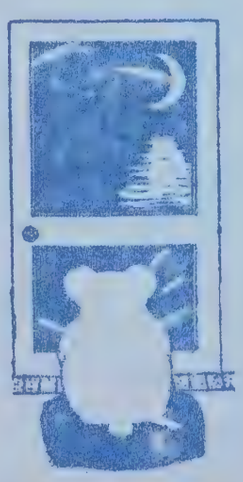
Once more I hear you call
so very distant and faint
The wind whispers....Paul
so tenderly and quaint

It feels so nice
to hear your voice
I am enticed
to scream and rejoice

I strain to hear....
but it does not repeat
oh how I fear
the winds deplete

It came so fast
and left more quickly
how I wish it would last
I am feeling so sickly

I love you so
My treasured one
I shall never let you go
as did the whispery one



As we walk the long road of freedom,
And there is no one by our side,
We may face the pain of misfortune
Throughout our daily life;

But when times are hard or bitter
We should turn the other cheek,
Trying not to remember,
A great loss--our own defeat.

by 6150

an echo
in the night

BERNELL MacDONALD

night
fell
all round me
and i
inching my way back
along
the swampy lakeshore
towards
my camp
whistling
and talking out loud
my bribes to the night
startled
a loon into
flying
up and over the lake
and over the roof of the forest
and then down
down and into the last remnant
of twilight
and in the distance
i heard him laugh

and i laughed back

but O the loneliness
that rattled my soul

as the echo followed him

followed him

"He said he did finger
exercises subconsciously,
on the average 12 hours
a day. And it was true.
From then on I noticed his
left hand churning within
itself, each finger circling
alternately like a train
wheel. Curling into balls,
pouring like waves across
a tablecloth. It was the
most hypnotising beautiful
thing I ever saw."

from "The Collected
Works of Billy the Kid"
by Michael Ondaatje

homecoming

RAGTAG TORO

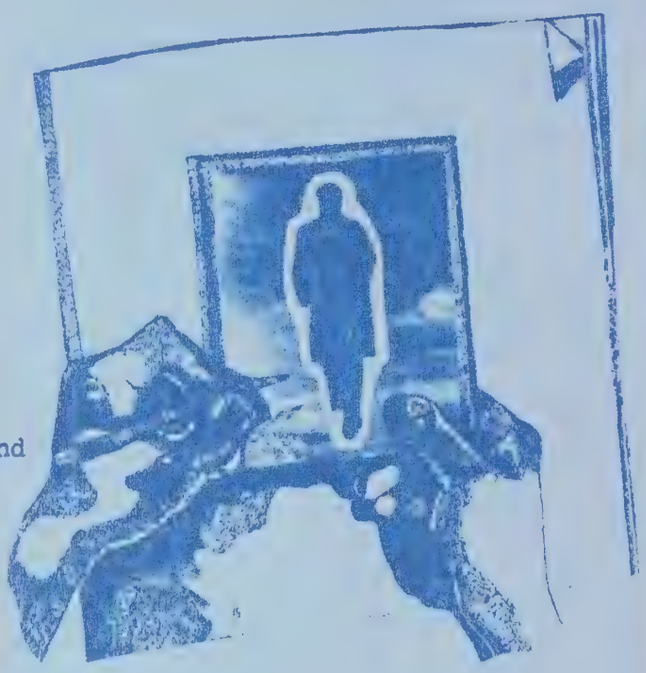
Lurk
Behind those walls
Beings of evil eye
of wild mind
of unhuman size
of cruelty unimagined
of immense strength in their hairy bodies

Mommy says they're criminals
Daddy says they're crooks

I KNOW...that if one even SEES you
IT will do UNMENTIONABLE THINGS to you

Grandma said so
And she should know
Saw one fifty years ago
"What are they like, Grandma?"
"Eat your cookies, my dear."

-- O --



Transfixed
I stand
Soft drink in hand

Daddy's been in Mexico
That's what I understand
After such a long time working
He's come back to take my hand

I see him first
And run for that gate
He looks quite tired
And he's lost some weight

"No sunshine down in Mexico?"
My tiny voice did ask.....as I saw
His haggard cheek
His long blond hair no more--
Just short forlorn stubble of an autumn cornfield the day after harvest
And those funny clothes he never wore before

A smile
Of winter sunshine forcing through
"No more will I work in Mexico
I'm coming home to stay."

Grandma
slow
behind
Says "Hi"
Doesn't mention
I was angry with him last year
angry cause he didn't come home when Mommy died
angry because she died alone
angry because...well...well, because

I heard Grandma on the phone
Can't come...the gaurds...or something
Must be the border ones...with their cruel guns
And Black Sombreros

Not his fault
Like he's here now...for me, now...and just because
This flower
And this hour he has
To share with me

pathfinders

america is just another place to shit

. . . but being pioneers

in a brave new world

we stand instead of

squatting.

position isn't everything.

fads

germany once made the world one

in spirit. now that america

has assumed the mantle of empire

perhaps crematoria

will once again

become fashionable.

WILSON STAPLETON

snow

Wearing a dark scuba suit
strapped with golden air tanks,
it slides into the cold greenish twilight,
in and out through the cool clouds,
up and down its lithe body
ribbons around each house,
up streets, boards and rocky paths,
ripples past dew wired windows,
its blond air bubbles
float up bedroom walls,
and from the smokey fathoms of sleep,
as free but lost men and women
we are carried in its arms,
warm and dry between the covers
to meet the day as children.

the sun slowly comes

On the ledge of my cell window
cloaked with crystal stars and soft moon,
crumbled from heaven, heavenly stained glass;
my fingers reach past the bars,
into the cold white fire
like logs in a mountain cabin
fingers of the field
unlatch twinkling blue and yellow
diamonds, into my palm,
O manna of heaven
on my quivering soul!

JIMMY SANTIAGO BACA

Embrasement de Neige

Elles tombes perdues
Avec nous, les détenus
Elles embrasement la terre
En pensant à la journée dernière

Je regardes en haut
Tout est si beau
Les goûttes de Dieu
M'avancement en feu

Pas de direction
Pas de fonction
Mais l'amour de Dieu
N'est pas peu

Les flocons sont au large
La loi n'a pas d'âge
Tout blanc dans notre visage
Créant l'émotion d'un beau mirage

DENNIS LEGARE

La Rue du Soliel

Je t'aime
   Dans la lune
Je t'aime
   Près de la dune

Les pêcheurs sur le quai
   Les goélands sous le soleil
Qui est-à dire ce qu'on fais
   La mer à mes Oreilles

Solitude chaude en pleine hiver
   Fume un joint
Creature ne vire pas vers
   Le coin, pour virer fou a rien

Ici la vie qui nous appartient plus
   En cherche des mots pour habituer
Perdu dans mon poème des rues
   Tous le monde vit la libèrté

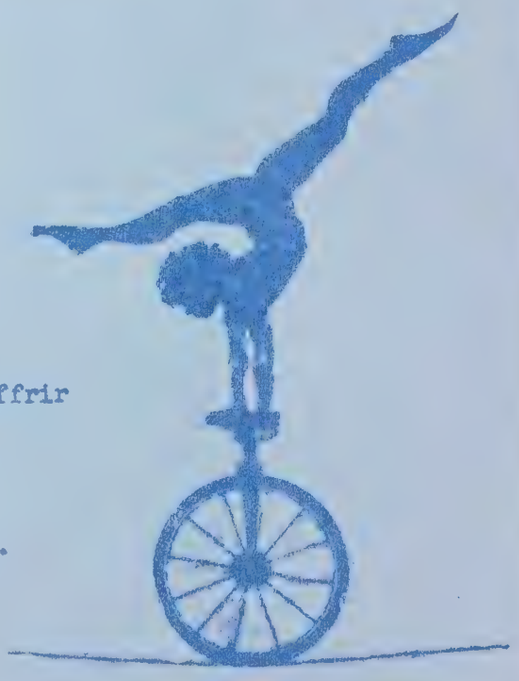
Le Recit D'un Prisonnier

Ecouter la chanson de ma vie
Je la chante pour vous mes amis
Et si vous vous ennuyez,
Ecouter la chanson D'un Prisonnier

Quant j'étais tout petit enfant
J'avais moi aussi de Bons Parents
Mais je n'ai pas su les écoutés
Et me voici aujourd'hui Prisonnier

J'aimerais ce soir dans ma chanson
Vous parlez un peu de ma prison
Ce que je voudrais vous dire
C'est qu'ici c'est un en droit pour souffrir

Pour vous cher Parents, et amis(es)
Ce soir qui êtes tous réunis
Sachez qu'ou fond de ma pensée
Dans mon coeur, je ne peut vous oubliés.



GIROUX

POYLS OF WISDOM

by Parahamster Dönüt and
The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dindon
(On Vacation In Cape Breton)

Greetings, O brethren of the Shorn Face. Yet another psychel has rotated about the cosmic digit and the shower of Du Du is beginning to soften the edge.

Many of our brother arserams in this hemisphere are resounding with chanting, and some have even succeeded in moving heavy physical objects by sheer concentration.

We, here at the Dum de Dum Retreat, do not concern ourselves with these flashes in the pan of mysticism. Of those here only a few dabble in the black arts, most devotees busy themselves with matter of true significance, like pop-up bread burners and pursuing the astral shuttlecock of phantastic delight.

For this month, our main exercise patterns should focus on developing those lazy jaw muscles. Our Annual Winter Feast daze are fast approaching and we wouldn't want to be caught with flacid jowels, would we? These most important tendons are best built up by chewing material one has no desire to swallow. Be gentle at the beginning, use cigarette butts and lint balls etc., progressing slowly to wooden and plastic objects, and then finally concentrating on old coal and concrete. This process should prepare you for the Goodly Bags passed off by the charitable brothers of the fraternity of Inchoherent Calumnation.

As the contemplation for this month, I command you to dwell upon the awful fate of those who fall into misguided worship. This foul practice leads to an eternity of damnation and suffering. Some deluded brethren have fallen among evil companions by consecrating their earthly cares, and falling behind in their divine worship of the interconnectedness of all things. Our masochistic purpose is to free the soul of all fear and trembling so that one may ever stay calm, even in the face of horrible punishment. We MUST remain unconscious, if we are to transcend the stupidity of our design.

* PROFUNDITY OF DA MUNTH *

.....Flee the armpit of Iblis.....

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BALLIN' JACK

by Ruben Sotelo

His compass was still unwinding from the last turn as he wound up for the landing on the mountain plateau. The wheels, patched and looking like inflated quilts, touched down on the hard dirt and wobbled on towards the truck where the small Mexican boys danced and yelled inaudible words of welcome. Pacheco pulled back on the wheel and planted both feet on the brakes, now worn thin and unable to cause more than a high whistle.

A scrawny yellow cur with raised hackles ran beside the plane barking savagely and snapping at the frayed wheels. Pacheco's Cessna 180 slowly rolled to a stop and the mutt trotted away while scanning over his shoulder, the steel scales of ferocity falling and revealing soft and cowardly eyes. The engine sputtered, then gave a long sigh. Along the side of the fuselage, where the serial numbers might once have been, was printed in big bold letters: "BALLIN JACK".

Pacheco reached over his head and tensed every muscle as his mouth opened wide in a yell of relief. His ass was numb with the hum of the engine still ringing in his skin and a million needles trying to wake it. His eyelids were heavy and sticky with sweat. All he could think of was a tall cold glass of beer.

The sun was hot enough to roast an ox and the devouring element seemed to tyrannize his pot-horse down on one knee as the poignant smell of marijauna resin rose with the heat and filled the area with a haughty shadow, feeling out with blind fingers for those who would find comfort in the bliss that it offered. Pacheco gazed in bafflement, wondering how kids could be so unaffected by the smoldering heat as a hoard of vigorous boys swarmed his plane with offers to wash his windows, clean the cockpit, or smoke his pot.

"Buenos dias, jefe. Gasolina?" Carlos' chubby body looked less mistreated than the other men of the mountain town as he waddled up to Pacheco, who slapped an American bill in his hand in answer and went off to find refuge from the heat.

Carlos climbed up on the truck parked beside the plane and screwed the hand pump into one of the drums of cheap Mexican petrol. He then ran a hose from the pump to the plane and climbed a short foot-ladder in order to reach the tank which was situated over the wing. Holding the hose poised over the opening with feigned concentration, he ordered a boy to begin the tedious job of pumping the tanks full.

"Jew do it fotso," complained the boy.

"Okay, okay, tree pesos. But by god, I'm told jew..."

The boy scurried up the side of the truck and began to pump before the threat could be completed. The fuel spurted from the hose, through a cloth strainer and into the tank, sounding hollow and empty, the echo wavering off every adobe brick wall of the small mountain town.

Pacheco stepped into the cool darkness of the cavelike building, waiting in

the doorway to let his eyes adjust to the dark. The only light that penetrated the room came from a large, low window where a soft breeze amused itself with a cream colored curtain made of empty flour bags. A cloth door at the back of the room swung open and a bewitching figure entered. Immediately the temperature of the room rose perceptibly. Leticia wore a long dark skirt that almost reached her ankles, but which left her delicately formed feet exposed. Her white blouse fit her like a second skin. It was tucked neatly into her skirt and seemed almost nonexistant as it clung to her warm moist skin.

Long dark hair fell past her shoulders, strands lay loosely on large braless breasts, which threatened to topple out over the top of her scanty garment. A thin scarlet ribbon followed the low cut blouse across the valley of her cleavage up to where it hung below her shoulders, then over her curving back only to meet again in front in a small bow. The sleeves were puffed out and bordered by matched red ribbons.

Pacheco was on his last breath as she whispered honeyed words, feeling her every syllable fall on his body, tantalizing in an almost maddening way. He looked up into her deep, dark eyes as she spoke,"Cafe?"

"Beer," he answered slowly as he gawked at her fiery nipples which burned holes through the light, almost transparent material. She did it every time. His blood boiled with desire every time he saw her. No matter how hard he tried, he could never hide it. She gazed into his face with a confident stare and smiled as if she had seen his every lewd thought. Leticia then turned away, flaunting her ample hips that flared out from an ample waist.

Pacheco took a long pull on his beer and felt the liquid fizz in his mouth then burn down his throat. He got up and looked out the window; the warm breeze swirled in eddies around his face and neck. Off in the distance he could see Carlos as he stood by a barbed wire fence, one sandled foot on the bottom strand and both hands on the top strand. He could see Carlos look directly into his face, right at his eyes, and an uneasy feeling rumbled in his bowels. There was clearly more to this man than met the eye. Indeed, Carlos seemed bigger now, confident, even defiant as he stood there.

The late afternoon cooled, turned into early evening. The huge setting sun licked red at the flat roofs of the squat adobe houses. He skilfully mopped up the last of his gravy with a piece of rolled tortilla. As he looked up, he became captivated by the gently inquisitive look of the womanish girl who held the coffee pot over his cup. Pacheco gave her a nod of approval and leaned back to take leisure after his exhausting meal and to appreciate the young woman.

Nuvia was small, maybe sixteen years old, thin with long dark hair and dressed like her bewitching mother. Her eyes were very large and dark in the oval of her innocent face. Her brown shoulders were bare and her small breasts bobbed against the thin cotton of her blouse. She held her head down while serving the coffee in a shy attempt to hide her face, but she sneaked fast glances at Pacheco. Coffee spilled on the table during one of her bullet glances and she quick stepped back with a startled look on her face. Pacheco grabbed his chest, rolled his eyes, and let his tongue hang out in a comical attempt to look seriously hurt. Nuvia laughed with shy girlish excitement and ran off to light the kerosene lamps. The light sprayed about the room and pushed back the night. Her mother entered and whispered gentle words, then kissed her forehead. Nuvia exposed her obediance with a slight gesture of her head, then as she turned to walk out she looked at Pacheco with a look that warmed him inside with memories. He rose from thr chair with care, his ass still soar from the seat in the cockpit, and ambled along into the backroom with Leticia.

The robe, no more than a cobweb, fell back from her shoulders, her nakedness washed in a shower of moonlight. They kissed awkwardly for uneasy seconds, bodies misaligned, then with a gasp her mouth opened, searchingly, and she squirmed hard against him. Bed springs squeaked under them, scolding them for their careless philandering. Pacheco's big hand was dwarfed by Leticia's breast, the center of it swelled and nudged into his palm.

Her eyes closed and excitement fluttered in her heart as he crushed her close in his arms, his breathing shaky in her ear. His hard hands rippled over the smooth flesh of her back. His bare chest was warm and heavy against her as the durability of his decency wore thin. Fire and fury burned in his brain as she moved away from him. His mind's teeth snarled, then went up in blue flame when he heard her breathing above him, the softness of a firm breast brushing his cheek and lips.

Powdery ochre dust puffed out from under his bare feet as he made a mad dash for his flying machine. Carlos' harsh broken voice still slapped against his ears with hysterical warnings: "Pacheco! Federales!"

His nag, standing like a proud war horse in the warm evening air, waited with its wings propped, readied for flight. He met his stallion with his shirt open and the tails trailed behind. Frantically he climbed into the cockpit. The power house started easily and he rolled off without so much as a backward glance. He wasn't about to get caught on the ground by the Federales. Once in the air they would have to shoot him down. What would he have to lose? If he came down he would only spend the rest of his years in prison. In Mexico that wouldn't be very long.

BALLIN JACK was airborne and Pacheco saw the headlights of the jeeps about one quarter mile ahead. He kept a steady climb in the same direction and left the towney adobe houses below him. People, hastily dressed, were caught in astonished frozen motion, staring as chickens scattered and goats plunged away to the end of their tethers. He saw raised rifles, the moonlight gleamed off them in the darkness, Pacheco saw the flashes of flame and heard distant muffled pops. Indeed, they were shooting at him.

A bright light suddenly speared his plane. Then another and he was swallowed in a flood of light. He felt his belly coil with fear and tremor run through his gut as a bullet zinged through the skin of his right wing. "That was too close for comfort," he thought, and wiggled the stick to wave the wings to signal that he was coming down. The shooting stopped and he pulled the throttle out, then leveled off at one thousand feet. Before the engine had a chance to catch its second breath, Pacheco pushed the throttle back to the board and his tobaggan lurched forward with full power. Again the shooting filled the sky with lead and another round screamed by him in a high pitched tone. Pacheco flinched and reached under the instrument panel, felt around, then fumbled with a wire that lead back from the engine housing. He pulled hard on the wire and blipped the ignition at the same time. BALLIN JACK backfired, then staggered into a convincing fall. Two smoke cannisters in the engine compartment popped and thick white smoke trailed out behind the plane.

"Basta--Enough," called the Capitan as he held out his hands in an impatient gesture. He stood quietly watching the plane vein the sky with a stream of white smoke as the sight reflected more credits on the Captain's chest. His lips peeled back in a wolfish grin and the grey veil lifted from his eyes. A tic twitched at his cheek, pulling the corner of his mouth like a worm under his skin.

The ground rushed at Pacheco, the wind whistled around his carriage. About five hundred feet from the ground, he pulled back on the wheel and curved out of the dive and eased into a shallow climb. The Captain watched in quiet astonishment, unmoved as the plane swooped away and flew into a bright, lopsided moon. Rifles, still held at the ready were not relaxed as the men awaited further orders, uneasily aware of the Captain's fixed stare and the tremor under his calm.

The smoke diminished to a wisp of gray like a smiling smuggler fading into the shadows of night. Pacheco's voice, when he found it, was a raw whisper. "You crazy bastard."

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O JAYCEE

by GREG SCOTT

For the past few years the Jaycee Movement has been the most consistently active organization in this institution. It has given many people an oppurtunity to do something with their time and energies, where they might otherwise have remainned undirected. That is quite an accomplishment, of that there can be no doubt, but whether the activities are actually worthwile, good, or anything else that might be of any value, is another matter entirely.

The "object" of the JC's is to offer and instruct their membership in leadership and public speaking, to promote the welfare of the prison community and its inmates through active, constructive projects, and to promote and execute programs for the improvement of the individual and the community.

What this comes down to, when reduced to basics, is the education of the membership and community in whatever areas the executive feels they are lacking. While the organization may perform charitable works and maintain a flawless reputation in the community, there remains a faint odour of conspiracy in doing what is "good for them" surrounding these activities.

The idea of community service originated in the guilt complex of the middle class, guilt at having to exploit the rest of the community for a living. This is demonstrated if one looks at the many service groups now enjoying a certain popularity amongst the business community. Now the Jaycees have never really called themselves a service organization, and it may be unfair to label them as such, but my main concern here is to look at the forces surronding the Springhill Jaycees, and to shed a little light on a subject that has been bothering me for sometime.

That inmates actively enjoy this type of fellowship is a strange phenomenon. Could they be attempting to conform to the values of the white middle class community, for whatever personal reasons? This appears as quite a contradiction, if our fellows would have us believe their rap in the unit. Maybe they are working a gaffe for parole or TLA's. There is nothing wrong with that, so far as there is nothing wrong with playing the system's game.

However, to wish to absorb the Jaycee mentality, would seem, then, directly opposed to those prisoners who supposedly favour revolutionary movements, disagree with the state, and distrust the political affairs of this country. Unfortunately, if one were to look at the people mouthing these dissatisfactions, he would find its base, for the most part, in resentment of the difficulties preventing these malcontents from owning a colour TV and two cars. Nonetheless, the dissatisfaction does remain.

That the Springhill Jaycees apparently support that same economic structure which imposes heavier penalties for crimes against property than for crimes of violence against people is very interesting.

Another facet of the Jaycee organization which has infiltrated almost all of the penal institutions in this country, and to the south of the boarder, is their relentless efforts to organize groups and to supply a multitude of "new and innovative" programs for the C.P.S. to display their liberality to the public.

What is also sometimes disconcerting is that the Jaycees occassionally seem to represent the inmate population, and use this to their advantage in gaining support for their fund-raising projects. In the recent uproar about Capital Punishment their public relations work serves as an excellent example.

The Jaycees made a statement to various radio stations renouncing Bill C-84, at the height of the debate on Capital Punishment. It is unfortunate that they were so politically naive not to realize that to speak out in that manner at that time would only be interpreted as supporting Capital Punishment. Poor Leonard Jones, the Independent M.P. from Moncton was completely befuddled when the inmates he thought he was attacking were made out to be supporting him in his stand against the abolition of the death penalty.

By the time the Jaycees realized their blunder, it was too late, and the aim of the media was focused on another facet of the Peace Insecurity program.

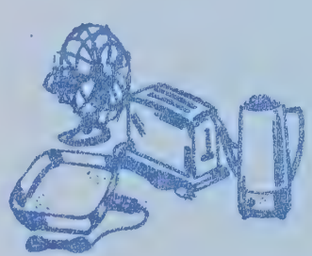
In closing, I'd like to sum up the above confusion into a smaller, more digestable unit for consideration.

Membership in Jaycees implies supporting the system by playing along with it.
Membership in Jaycees, if sincere, implies the individual involved is seeking respectable status in the middle class community, which supposedly is responsible for the prison system we are now experiencing.
Membership in Jaycees is indicative of a belief in the free enterprise system and all that is represented there.

This article was shown to some Jaycees here in the prison, and for the most part the reaction was "what the Hell is wrong with free enterprise"? If this is an average example of the level of awareness of the population, then we have a long way to go yet, and those whose belief it is that history repeats itself, will have some excellent chances to watch it stutter here.

HALLIDAYS

HOME CARE CENTRES



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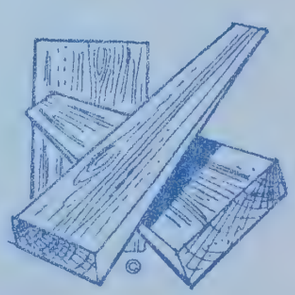
HOUSEWARES
HARDWARES
CARPETS — TOOLS
KITCHENWARES
APPLIANCES



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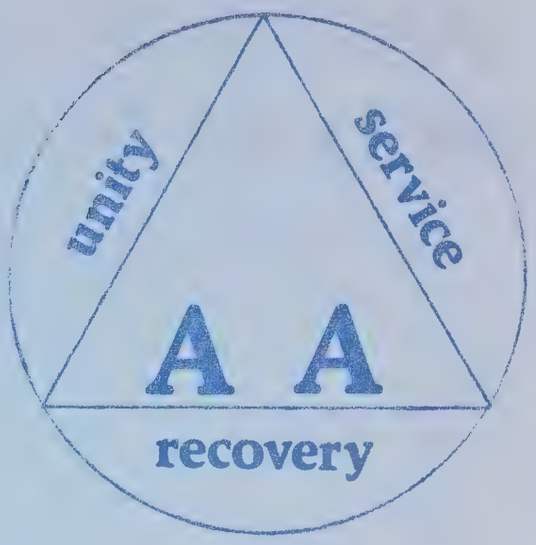
SPRINGHILL

WE'RE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE"

AA MEDICINE



by Peter G.

(This is the view of one alcoholic, it is not necessarily the view of AA as a whole or other members.)

The AA program is a simple program but there is nothing simple about the alcoholic. In fact, he can be very difficult in his actions and thoughts. It could be a mistake to think that these difficulties stop as soon as the alcoholic stops drinking. The active alcoholic is usually his own worst enemy. He usually ends up hurting the people he loves the most. Now to a lot of people this just might not make sense, as would taking eggs out of boiling water with your bare hands. Well the answer to this question of why the active alcoholic inflicts himself and those around him is that he is sick. Yes, sick is the right word. He is sick mentally, physically, and most of all spiritually. This is not my own evaluation, although I agree with it. It is the evaluation of people from all walks of life who have studied alcoholism, including professionals, such as doctors, lawyers, teachers and many psychiatrists. There are some people who find it difficult to accept alcoholism as a sickness, like cancer or heart disease. These are usually people who know very little about alcoholism.

All of this talk about sickness leads us to the next question. What is the cure? Well like a lot of diseases, there isn't any sure fire cure as yet. But again, like many other sicknesses, it can be controlled for life by following the simple AA program. I don't think it would take a doctor to tell you that any disease is easier to treat in the early stages. But regardless of the stage the sickness is in it must be treated to regain a healthy body and mind.

Many people have tried to quit drinking on their own but it usually doesn't work. There have been several methods tried by many people, but without a doubt the AA program has been the most sucessful. There are even some doctors who will tell you that AA has worked where all others have failed, including medical methods.

Now for the big question; Who is an alcoholic? Only you can decide if you are an alcoholic. But if you find yourself asking this question; Am I an alcoholic?, I suggest you go to a few AA meetings and maybe you will find some help in making your decision. If you can relate to the program it could save the rest of your life, one day at a time. There is an AA meeting here every Thursday evening at 7:30pm. You don't have to be a member or even join to attend a few meetings.

I would like to thank the Faithful group here for their fellowship and wish them sobriety in the next twenty-four hours.

*****

UNISON

Sydney **Halifax**

'Working with the female offender'

HOW A MILLHAVEN INMATE DIED IN SOLITARY

by Nicolaas Van Rijn

This article was first published in the Toronto Star on September 28, 1976.

His friends called him Bobby, and they knew him as a fighter, ready to stand up for the few rights society leaves a man when he is sent to prison.

Last week, a coroner's inquest was convened here to hear how Robert Michael Landers came to fight his last fight alone, and why he lost.

He was 29, lithe and apparently healthy. Yet, as a pathologist was to testify later, Landers - serving time for armed robbery - was "unlucky."

Bobby Landers came from British Columbia, and his one way trip through Canada's jails and prisons started when he was 19. When he was transferred to Millhaven penitentiary for the final time earlier this year, he had two years left to serve on his sentence. Time off for good behaviour could have reduced it to months.

He entered Millhaven May 1, and on the morning of May 21, he was found on the floor of his cell, dead.

He was in a segregation cell, designed to keep troublesome prisoners away from other inmates, because the prison director suspected him of pressing for prisoners rights.

He had been feeling pain for about two days and trying to get medical help since the evening before his death. When he called for a nurse in the evening, neither she nor the gaurds answered and, although he wrote a note the next morning describing the pain in his chest and face, it was not delivered. It was found with his body.

Bobby Landers died of heart disease, the kind of heart disease, as Dr. George Kipkie told the inquest, that "most of us hope we won't get until we're well past 60."

Over the years, Kipkie said, increasing amounts of some substance settled under the lining of three major arteries leading to the young man's heart. Gradually, the amount of blood flowing to the heart dropped and, finally, some time in the few days before last May 21, a bit of Landers' heart muscle died.

And when he woke up in his segregation cell early May 21, Landers knew something was definately wrong.

On a piece of pale blue stationary that morning he penned a note to Millhaven's hospital staff. He didn't write much, yet, after reading it, a Kingston cardiologist, Dr. John Fay, testified the note contained enough information to justify the prisoners immediate admission to a hospital coronary care unit.

"Would like to see you," Landers had printed in a painstaking hand, "regarding burning sensation in breastbone area - throat - side of jaw - elbows - all of which I noticed upon waking up this morning."

During the four day inquest, Kingston coroner Dr. W.S. Patterson heard much testimony touching the one question that could never be satisfactorily answered. Why was the note never delivered?

One of the key reasons undoubtedly had to do with the fact that Landers was being held in a segregation cell. These cells, which measure a scant 6 feet wide and 11 feet deep, are designed to contain one prisoner, a bunk bed, a table, chair, toilet and washbasin. In that respect they're identical to all the other cells in Millhaven, a maximum security institution. The difference lies in the freedom of movement.

Prisoners in "normal association" are allowed to leave their cells each day to go to workshops, watch television, exercise and pick up their meals. In segregation, prisoners are allowed out of their cells each day for an hour-long exercise period in an enclosed yard, and every second day, for a few hours of television in the evening in a segregation "common room." Their meals are handed to them through narrow slots in their solid metal cell doors.

To relieve the monotony they may read, write or listen to transistor radios. Or they can shout to each other through a crack, less than half an inch wide, between the cell door and the wall. By looking through the small window set at eye-level in the door they can see identical faceless cell doors across the corridor.

Such cells can't be called "isolation" cells, prison officials say, because prisoners in segregation can and do speak with each other when they're in the exercise yard or watching television.

But prisoners in segregation cells are effectively isolated from their fellow inmates for an average of 22 in every 24 hour day.

It is virtually identical with solitary confinement, which was called "cruel and unusual punishment" by the Federal Court of Canada.

Why was Bobby Landers in segregation?

He spent the first months of 1976 in Laval penitentiaty in Quebec. He'd been transferred there from Archambeault, Millhaven's sister institution, and before that he'd been in Millhaven.

During the time he was in Laval, prisoners there engaged in a lengthy sit in strike, and Landers was suspected of having participated in fomenting the quiet protest.

When Millhaven Director John Dowsett heard Landers was coming back, he telephoned Laval, and, he testified at the inquest, received certain information that made him decide the safest course of action was to put Landers in sgregation.

As is his right under prison regulations, Dowsett ordered that Landers be placed in segregation as soon as he was received in Millhaven.

On May 4, Landers was given a routine physical by Millhaven hospital nurse Harlynn Prest. She testified that she'd read Landers' prison medical file, and it contained "no suggestion of heart problems or circulatory difficulty."

Swiess Brouwer, a classification officer, spoke with Landers at length twice in the period between his transfer and his death. The prisoner didn't complain about health, Brouwer said, but he did ask why he was being held in segregation.

Landers wasn't given the reason, but was told his case would be reviewed every 30 days.

Dowsett testified that, on May 19, when Brouwer's final interview with Landers occurred, he had already decided that Landers would be placed in the normal prison population at the end of the month.

"I had reached the decision that he would be released at the next review," Dowsett said. "He was a very quiet inmate, very well behaved personally."

"I formed the general impression," Dowsett continued, "based on an acquaintance of about two years, that he was a very fit young man."

Manifestations of Landers' heart disease seem to have started appearing on May 19, when he complained of a chest pain to another inmate.

Nothing was made of it then, but that evening Landers told inmate Howard Brown, with whom he was watching television in the segregation common room, that he had a slight pain in his side.

Again, "It was just an offhand comment," Brown testified, and neither paid any attention to it.

The next day, May 20, nothing was heard from Landers until about 9:30pm. Leonard Olbey was in cell G-124, and between him and Landers' cell, G-130 were two empty cells.

Around 9:30pm, Olbey said, "I heard Bobby call for the nurse, who at the time, I could hear talking and laughing with the gaurds down at the end of the range."

"He didn't get any answer."

Landers' cell was at one end of the corridor and, at the other end, more than 100 feet away, past two sliding barriers, was the gaurds office.

There were nine inmates, including Landers, on the 30 cell segregation wing that night, and three were watching television in the common room.

The prisoners who remained in their cells started kicking the solid metal doors of their cells and shouting, in an effort to gain the attention of the gaurds.

Most of the gaurds on duty that night deny ever hearing the ruckus - the accepted way for calling for a gaurd at Millhaven's segregation wing - but one new gaurd, Michael Donoghue, did hear something.

Donoghue was on duty in the segregation wing's gun-tower, above the guard's office, from 8pm to midnight.

Forbidden by regulations from leaving the tower, from which electrically operated cell doors and corridor barriers are operated, Donoghue said he heard banging and shouting coming from the segregation cells.

Asked if anyone responded to the noise, Donoghue said, "I can neither say yes nor no. I can't recall."

But Olbey said there was a response - instead of answering the call, he testified, gaurds called to Donoghue to close the solid barrier at the end of the cell range. The barrier slid shut.

Olbey then asked Landers if he still wanted the nurse, and said Landers replied, "No, I'll get her in the morning."

Three other prisoners in the segregation cells - Howard Brown, Patrick Noonan and William Solosky - testified they heard the nurse outside the segregation range when Landers first called for her.

However, another inmate, Mark Ahearn who was in the common-room when the shouting and banging started, said the nurse had not yet arrived when the inmates were calling for her.

The first person with whom Bobby Landers would have contact when he woke up the morning of May 21 was kitchen steward Robert Greenaway. He told the inquest that when he gave Landers his breakfast at 7:00am, the prisoner asked for an extra hard boiled egg, "was quiet and withdrawn, (as if) something was on his mind," but appeared normal.

Greenaway said Landers did not complain of feeling ill.

Prison gaurd Ron Scanlon testified that when he asked Landers at about 8:20am whether he wanted to go outside for the morning exercise period, the man shook his head and said, "no." Scanlon said he noticed nothing wrong.

While visual checks of inmates in segregation cells are required to be made every 30 minutes, both prisoners and gaurds agreed in their testimony that no check may have been made between the time inmates returned from exercise and 11:00am when lunch was served.

Landers was found on the floor of his cell by kitchen steward Paul Baskin at about 11:00am as he was serving the lunch trays.

Gaurds were called, the cell door opened, and Landers was examined. There were, gaurds say, no signs of life, and no attempt was made to revive the man. Nurse Rita Rombough was called from the prison hospital and could find no signs of life.

When the prison doctor examined Landers at about 11:30am, he concluded Landers had been dead for some time.

Landers' breakfast tray was still in the cell and, on it, investigators found, untouched, the three hardboiled eggs he'd received that morning. Landers apparently ate some toast, drank a bit of milk and had some of his apple juice.

The jury was not able to determine when Landers wrote the note, or why he hadn't mentioned anything about feeling ill to the steward who served his breakfast or the gaurd who asked if he wanted to go out for exercise.

When the final, massive heart attack occured, causing the organ to turn into a shivering mass of tissue and the lungs to fill with a bloody froth, no one is able to say. It would have hit at some point between 8:20am, when he was last spoken to, and 11:00am, when he was found, according to the testimony.

During the inquest, jurors were told of a "panic button" system that was installed in Millhaven when it first opened in April, 1971. Each cell was equipped with an emergency call button, and a display panel in gun-towers would show when a prisoner used it. A gaurd would be dispatched to investigate.

But by November, 1971, according to an inmate who "did hard time" in Millhaven, the system had already been destroyed.

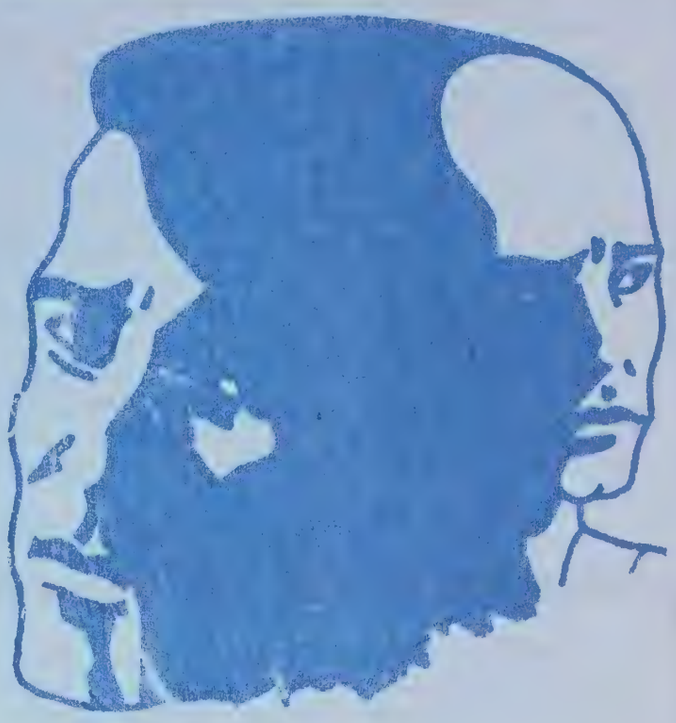
Dowsett told the inquest that a "communications study" was made of the disabled system during the past year, and said tenders have been called for a simplified emergency call system.

In May, 1975, a full year before Landers died, another coroner's jury, also inquiring into the death of a Millhaven inmate, recommended that installation of (the) emergency call alarm system be carried out.

Dowsett said construction of the new system should begin at some point in October, and that installation should be completed by the end of the year. Methods of ensuring that gaurds patrol cell ranges regularly, every forty minutes in segregation and hourly in the rest of the prison, he said, are being studied. There is no solution yet.

And no solution, now, will help Bobby Landers.

politics of time



by TOMMY MCILVENA

Time, as we know it, means doing time in a Federal prison compared to the life we have outside of these barbed wire fences. As we "all" will eventually have our physical freedom again, I want to discuss in this article that future freedom; what it means to us as men and what effects society will have on our freedom.

Obviously we have all broken our country's laws to one extent or another in order to be put in a cage. No matter how long we have spent in this abnormal environment, we will all be given the chance to live in the free world with all the things under the sun. The reality that awaits us on the other side of the fences is a society which (apart from our family and friends) beholds us as less than equal; judging us from our past mistakes and encircling us with doubts and suspicions. Those of us who have returned to prison know how difficult to readjust to a society that does not want us. What most people fail to realize is that many men that are in jail have grown up in low income neighborhoods, thus having to live with a social and economic disadvantage. The myth of equal opportunity will continue to keep the social agencies blind to the real needs of underprivileged juveniles. Frustration will eventually lead the man into trouble with the law, often under the influence of alcohol or hard drugs at the time of the offence.

The main point that I now wish to make clear is that if we, the men who have come by the criminal justice route, really want to end this inhuman, unhealthy prison system we must start with ourselves. If we really want to beat back the animosity of society, the only way is to get on the street and feel a sense of pride in ourselves. You must be able to stand up and say to everyone that there is no way the authorities are going to lock you up again.

We would be naive to think that we will stay on the street if we commit crimes for money or for fun because on every corner there's the big cop with a truck load of guns ready to nail you dead or alive. The C.P.S. will continue to thrive and prosper as long as we continue to feed them our bodies. It is just not worth it. We have our lives to live and we must live them in the freedom of a natural environment with the ability to make our own decisions.

As the years go by the inmates of our Federal prisons are becoming more intelligent than ever before. There are better educational and vocational training facilities in prison today, but the major change comes within the individual inmate as he looks at himself, his relation to his family, and his future as a free man. I personally have found that inmates have similar feelings and experiences and can help each other far more than any social worker. The inmate who has his head together knows the frustrations and needs of his fellow inmates. They can relate as fellow men rather than as a doctor-patient relationship, as if one person is better than another.

I want to close off this article mentioning what I feel to be the main prerequisites for each of us to have a smooth successful transition to the street. The most important thing is the inmate's relationship with his immediate family and friends. They will help him to the utmost with any social or economic needs that may arise. I have found that it is my family that cares the most about me yet there are friends who make life a pleasure.

The other part of feeling comfortable on the street is to have work that you find acceptable or even better, that you like doing. You got to be able to take home a good salary, but it is more important to enjoy your chosen vocation. I really cannot see how a person can be happy in life if they don't like the work that they're doing. So many a man will become disgusted with his work, lose the job, and end up back inside for a violation of parole.

No matter what has happened in the past, the future is up to the individual to get beyond the crime and punishment syndrome and continue from this day on a healthy happy life being able to do what we want to do when we want to do it.

The Accent on Youth program in Springhill Institution is a program run by a group of concerned inmates. After being an active member of the group for a time inmates go out to speak to children and their parents with the hope that through the experiences of the speaker, they may be deterred from a life which leads to the courts and prison.

To be a member of this group, all that a guy has to do is show his sincerity by attending the weekly meetings. With the help of more experienced members, each new member prepares his presentation, and is taught how to deliver it in front of people. After this he is recommended by the Chairman for the TLA program, subject, of course, to the approval of the unit and director.

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A dart tournament was held on Oct. 19th with the singles being won by Jack "Red" Chown. Jack, being an older member of the population took advantage of his " years " of experience and showed the younger guys how to do it. The doubles were played the following night with Newfie Wells and True Shot Bevis taking all the goodies. Once Newfie learned to keep his eyes open, his game really took off.

October 20th saw members of George McAloney's dart team from Springhill give our team, " THE MARY JANES ", some much needed practice. Twenty-five games were played with the outside team winning a few more than our team. I asked our team to take it easy on the outside team as there were many older players playing. Sandy Livingstone managed to hit the board on several occasions, but was stopped from doing any real damage. Mr. McAloney, with the threat of personal defeat, chose not to play. He is now known as " No Show ".

We also had a crib tournament with the singles going to Red Chown, who had his old age pension cheque bet on this one, so he had to win. Terry Dargavel gave him a run for his money with the deciding game being 2 points apart and Chown pegging out for the win. Terry said he would get him next time. The doubles were won by Frenchie Berube and Slim Slims. They beat out Lightning Womboldt and Red Gallant, who played a superb game.

Getting away from sports for a minute; we are now graced with the presence of a new LU2. Doug Dobson is now the acting LU2 and will hold the position until one is appointed. Mr. Rideout, our former cage kop is now working with Mr. Hudson in security.

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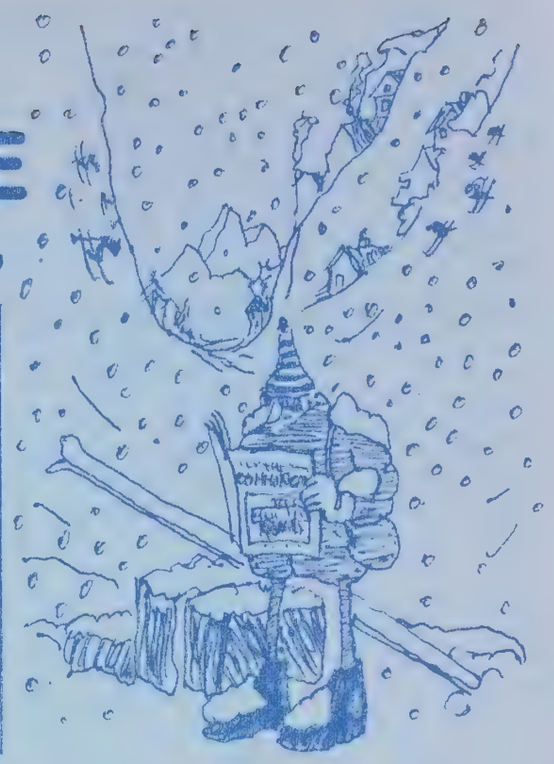
'WHERE YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED'

SUNSHINE IN NUMBER NINE

by RAGTAG TORO



It comes from a reliable source that this institution was built from a design intended for no less a climate than Arizona-I kid you not-and it don't require much of a meteorologist to tell us that the kind of weather we normally experience is a far cry from that of the sun swept skies of the southern states.

Be that as it may, it seems that the greater unwashed at the top of the pyramid decided that the time to perforate the lids of our units and invite the advances of the weather should be at the time of the monsoon. With none to gainsay their ordures, the coatings were duly ripped off the tops of our units--including our own hall of pleasure--and almost immediately we became a landlocked replica of 'The Boat Who Wouldn't Float.' (Apologies to Farley Mowat.)

After the second coming of the flood in the unit, we were informed that the problem would be rectified forthwith. Three days later--and almost to the hour --the deluge became all but biblical in its senergetic humidification of the hallway, the TV room, and the ranges.

"Good for the sinuses," we were told by the profound sages who masquerade as range officers. (Actually, that side-swipe at staff may be considered to be in bad taste, since even some of the most hardened and discouraged of us have begrudgingly admitted that some of these personages may possibly be human after all. We may even forgive erring dentists for using novocaine when treating staff members--some of them anyway.)

There may be more of a plot to be uncovered when the final layers of the roof, having been peeled off, are replaced. One wonders, for instance, if it was necessary to uncover more in order to increase the effectiveness of the sabotage of the unit heating system which has proven to be as unpredictable as an ookpik with piles.

And the pay raise--when is it coming? For some, the promotions granted by the Grading Board offered a slim--if at least tangible--relief from the rigours of penury and privation.

Best wishes go out to Mo Horne and Donnie LeBlanc--those hapless warriors we have elected to champion the cause of the unit as the Inmate Chasseurs. They will need all our encouragement--and not our caustic hassling--if they are to get anywhere in pursuing one of their most important duties--the task of defusing the illwill towards inmates in general that has resulted from over-enthusiastic dramatization of certain recent events. That task will only be acceptable to

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staff and the rest of the free world if it is presented in a way that does not threaten their fabric of existence and therefore it must be orderly and through the Inmate Committee.

There are frustrations here that require the utmost control and it is a credit to the inmates when they refuse to be drawn into disputes. The general public have no appreciation of how maddening life in a regulated institution can be--no matter how wonderful the surrounding countryside may be and fresh the air outside the fence.

SUCCESS STRIKES AGAIN

There were times when one wondered if #9 was winning by accident or by default when it came to the baseball series to mark the end of summer, but this was all part of the plan to befuddle the opposition. From the very first pitch by "10-4 Rubber Duck" Bobby Boutilier, to the very last swipe at the ball by Snip-Skip Snudden, it was psychological warfare in the final game of the season against the #10 All-Stars. The All-Stars thought they had it in the bag when the game started out at 3-3, but as they had not reckoned on the resourcefulness of the #9 strike force, the outcome could only go one way.

The main strategy was devised by the #9 good luck charm, who stuck pins in voodoo dolls representing the #10 players, while remaining hidden in the stands. Another effective diversion was enacted by Petie Johnson, who, as the team's clown, provided a tension provoking scene every time he fell down, and there were more bets on him getting castrated in self sacrifice while swiveling around second base than there were on the outcome of the game.

In between bouts of admiring his beautiful body in the evening sunshine, Chris Hebert was able to save the day on occasion when it came to beating the feet across the field. There were some others to help out after all, for was it not Walter Miller who took the "Closed Glove" award (closed when it should have been open) and the prize for having the longest shoelaces in recorded history?

It was Pat Smith--the man from the Bull Dogs--who provided the counterpoint for that nut-cracking, switch-hitting specialist, Frank Oliver on the team,

Gestetner

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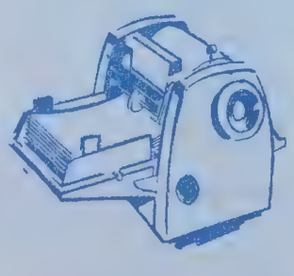

-Coast to Coast-

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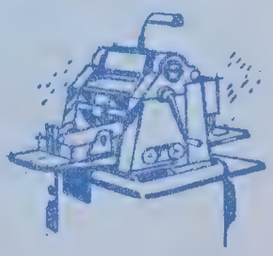

but mostly he was pitching to Jimmy DeYoung, who did most of his catching when he was out in center field.

One of the most profound insights into the strategy was provided in this illuminating interview with Chuck Alchorn:

"What did you do on third base?"
"Strike out."
"And did you?"
"Yes, most of the time."

As a result of "tossing a token" for the trophy for the Most Valuable Player, Donnie Page picked up the award "because there was no one else to give it to."

Needless to say, we won--or I would not get away with insulting our heroes to this degree--and, seriously they did first rate job of wiping the smiles off everyone else.

Jottings from the Topless John

One LUDOcrous crack that was heard recently around the joint: "A bitch in time saves line"...or was it "A bitch in line saves time" ???????

One of the spinoffs of nuclear research has been the discovery of new wonder drugs. One recent addition to the list, we are told, has been called "ISODOPE".

Time was, when even Playboy wasn't published at all--never mind the new exotic stuff that has come out since then. In those days, the only pinups you could get for your drum had to be cut out of the National Geographic. Your whole stretch was a "hole shot".

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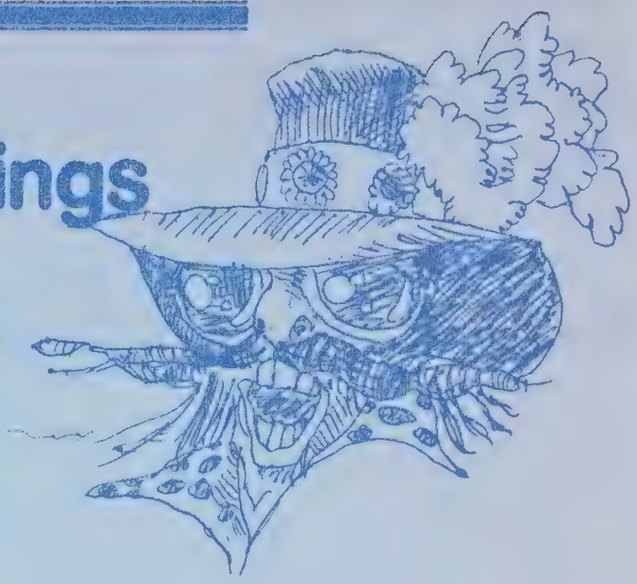
Nº 10 Unit: Seasons Greetings

Al Burnett



Merry Christmas to you from us shut ins here in #10 Unit. I have seen some happy faces around here this past week, on inquiring why the happy, they just reply: "Going home for three days at Christmas." I know their loved ones will be joyful to have them home.

And those of us who will be here, we are busy hustling up Christmas decorations and how a few bucks can be spent on something or some gig we can have to break the routine hum drum of the rest of the year.

Sports seems to be a topic that not too many in this unit get into, but there are a few of us and it helps to keep us together here in Springhill. I notice our dart players working out on the board regular. Keep it up fellows. I heard we went over to #8's turf but they didn't even have to work up a sweat to beat us. Our volley ball team has won a few games recently. When we get it together we usually come up with a good team effort. Our ball hockey team has also won a couple of games this past week. Keep up the checking fellows, it helps. We just don't seem to have any basketball players. No one is showing any interest other than me. I guess if I'm the only player in the unit, I'll just have to work out with #8.

On the Ice Hockey scene, our team has not been able to assemble all of its players on the ice at the same time as of yet. Hopefully we will be able to do that first thing in the new year.

We had a very successful chocolate bar sale awhile back put on by the unit Discussion Committee. It took some time for the chocolates to get here, but I feel it was worth the wait. They sure cured whatever ailed you.

Oh yeah, and before I forget, a very happy New Year to everyone. Well folks, until next issue when the festive season is over, take care and keep on trucking.

Hoo - La - Ma
Al Burnett

Ecology Action Centre

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All The News That Fits From Unit No. 11

by Melvyn Maknöh

Forced out of his hibernation by the threats and cajoleries of his editor, Maknoh looks out his window through the bars at the bleak sky and barren landscape, pen in hand, musing; Is this part of the program? After months of unconsciousness, the long winter's dreamless slumbering as the wind howls and whistles without, he is shocked to discover that Unit #11 has gone with the flow of this season of transitions and migration new faces on every range, old faces gone forever. Doug Dennis off to the farm, milking the cows, slopping the hogs, collecting eggs in a basket, plowing the north forty... Doug did come back for a surprise visit, making a special guest appearance at the latest Jaycee banquet, looking every bit a reckless man about town in his cerulean blue leisure suit. The effect of his entrance was, however, somewhat marred by the excessive amount of cow manure that had adhered to his Cape Breton dancing pumps. Steve Blue is another, poor lad, forced to leave this sanctuary for deadbeats and miscreants, back to those cold, mean streets again. And just when things were looking up, what with nature walk TA's, love-ins, not to mention the installation of intercoms in cells for inmates to place orders to security for after-lockup - late-snacks, Blair "Bam Bam" DeBaie gone too, alas, the thundering reverberations of his magnum force personality stilled, the smoke thinning and disappearing on the corpse strewn ranges, his wholesale slaughtering days at an end...

Speaking of smoke thinning on the ranges, we were all shocked to find that through some blunder we had not kept up on our fire insurance premiums. The latest holocaust on A range, extinguished by the doughty range officers in their dual role as firemen, sadly depleted the coffers. The accountant's department has assured us that there is enough in our unit welfare fund for at least two more burned out cells, so we're not in that bad shape. The fire sale, by the way, was a total bust.

On the subject of natural disasters, all the lads on the second floor are heaving great sighs of relief, now that the cold weather is upon us, meaning snow, not rain, and an end to the weeks of flooding that transformed the upper ranges into a boggy swamp. Unfortunately for them, SIS never issued rubber boots or life rafts.

Those inmates moving up in the world are: Dennis Legare and Bob Backen, our new, duly elected inmate committee members, whom we all wish the best of luck to--two more deserving, selfless and dedicated men could not be found for the job. In point of fact, none were, as they were the only nominees. Grant "Big Apple" Lockhart was elected president of the Jaycees recently, and also received the coveted post of canteen operator... All his dreams came true, so much for his crash diet. Bob Backen, along with Junior Marshall, one of the Board of Directors for the Indian Brotherhood of all Nova Scotia, have been hard at work getting the Brotherhood going strong again in here. Jerry Reid was elected sports rep for the unit, a spot for which he is well suited.

Which brings me to the heroics performed by the boys on the ball hockey team who remain undefeated at the time of this writing, and in undisputed first place. A team whose cohesive unity can be likened to the great Canadienes, no hogging of the limelight by one player, but all playing together. A perfect blending of individuals into a team effort. The members of the team are: Rick Brennan, Ron Borden, Tom "Red Ball" Languille, Josh Strickland, Scott Purcell, Angus Goo Goo, Myron Andrejczuk, "Shaft" Parsons, Gary Sexton, Junior Marshall, Jerry Reid, Chris Boutilier, who are all led on by the clever strategy of their coach, Grant Lockhart. Mention must be made of the team's greatest fan, Sam "Kojak" Basque, who has yet to miss a game. His voice can always be heard above the roar of the crowds, encouraging the team on to victory.

Santa is coming to Unit #11 this year, his representative here in the Maritimes being Loose the Goose, who will don the traditional costume and beard, to descend, yo-ho-ho-ing all the way, down the chimney, now under construction in the short range, bearing his great sack of goodies slung over his shoulder. Those building the chimney, and otherwise dedicating themselves to the task of transforming the unit into a

vision of Xmas cheer and festivity are: Zar Arsenault, Rick Brennan, John Nelligan, with lots of elves and Santa's little helpers assisting.

This Christmas will be a gala event. Amongst the frivolities planned will be dart-throwing, pin-the-tail-on-the-rat, arm-wrestling, a kite writing contest, bingo, bobbing for apples in the foot bath, a kite-denying contest, a beauty contest judged by Gordie Rose, and a very special treat before Santa comes, a talent show. Headlining the show will be the Grant Lockhart Dancers doing their version of the Nativity in ballet. Christmas caroling by the Myron Andrejczuk Tabernacle Choir, C & W favourites played by the Bill Jararuse Quartet, whose two members are currently appearing nightly at the Bud Lewis Cabaret, much to the delight of the neighbours on B range, Ferris Lunn doing his famous impersonations of well known politicians and public figures. The range officers had planned their own special presentation of the Charles Dickens' classic, "A Christmas Carol", but unfortunately due to the government's austerity program and the corresponding cutback in overtime, their playlet has been cancelled. Your reporter had not been given a list of the cast of characters, so I will leave it up to your imagination as to who was to play the role of Scrooge, the ghost of Christmas past, present and future, Bob Cratchett, Tiny Tim, and last, but not least, the Christmas Turkey.

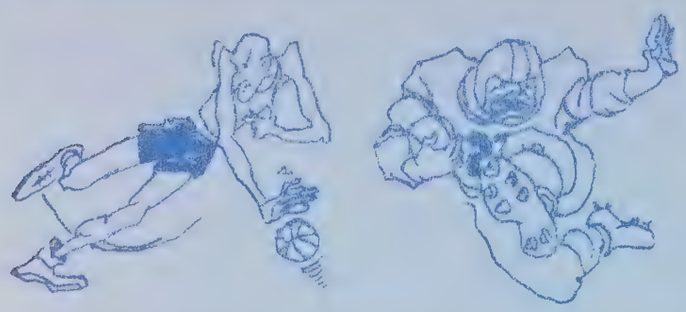
V&C has its own problems during the Christmas season, what with the hectic rush of mail going through, and even the letters to Santa must be carefully scrutinized and censored. Some of those returned due to insufficient postage or not having Santa's postal code clearly marked are: Jr. Marshall, stating that he was very good all year, and he would like to have some beads and a hockey TA, "Little Orphan Annie" McDonald requested new teeth cause his joint pair don't fit quite right, Grant Lockhart asked for a sweat belt as he needs a new head band, Jerry Reid would like some gift certificates redeemable at SIS for leisure socks, Bob Roy asked Santa to sponsor him for a TA, Billy " Brylcreem " Kidd requested that Santa bring him a can of Nugget black shoe polish, a student ID card,and an invitation to the Springhill High prom, where he will conduct intimate private interviews with prospective Jaycettes, "Pistol" Pete Arsenault would be grateful for anything, he wrote, as he's been beat all his life, and despite the fact that he hasn't been good all year, he hopes for special consideration from Santa as he is awaiting news on his appeal of conviction of sled theft, Archie Andrews asks for a chromium plated hair dryer with "Archie de Pictou" engraved upon the handle, and Pete Henry, his faith shattered last year when Santa will have it restored when Loose the Goose, attired in his velvet and vinyl Santa a go-go suit, slides beneath his door at the stroke of twelve, Christmas Eve.

#11's joint New Year's resolution for 1977 is to bear down and really get with the program, hoping that one of these days, the meaning of this mysterious rite will be explained to us by our congenial hosts.

So, from all of us, to all of you the merriest of Christmases, and the happiest of New Years, keeping in mind how fortunate we all are to be in here, safe and sound, instead of out there, on those mean streets, where all manner of madness and peril await our fateful return.

(Ed. Note: Shortly after Melvyn Maknoh turned over this report to me, the men in the white jackets came to take him away. We are hoping that he will be back with us in time for the next issue, but we can't assume responsibility for this ludicrous writing)

SEASONS GREETINGS



SPRINGHILL REC RAP

by BILL LAPOINTE

September seemed to be a month of organizing sporting events with several meetings between the unit sports reps and members of the recreation staff. The unit representatives lost their proposal for an inmate sports committee, headed by an inmate commissioner, to be some what similar to the other federal pens like Dorchester where such a body has more, if not complete control of inmate recreation activities. After the pros and cons were debated, the supervisor of recreation, Earl Lees, based his final decision on these comments. "The old system of sports commissioner was tried here originally around 1973 but it did not work to well. It was too big a job for one man, with too much pressure from various inmates creating biased opinions and a power struggle with staff."

The outcome stood at Staff Lions 2, Inmate Christians 1, with the staff maintaining the control of the recreation activities and the allotment of time and space for those activities, while the inmates managed second with not a solo commissioner, but one for every slated sport. Up to this time the appointment or election of various sports commissioners or league presidents is still in the making and should be finalized by mid November when various winter games should start. It is hoped that these presidents will act as an effective liasson between the rec department and participating inmates concerning all aspects of their specific sports.

The autumn recreation agenda has been divided into an outdoor and indoor program, with the indoor events drawing the most participation as a warm-up for the similar upcoming inter-unit winter games. Outdoor fall events included soccer, by far the most popular, and touch football. Both met opposition with the fickle Springhill climate and a lighting system that breeds darkness. Both games were of the scrub variety and it seems that more effort could be used in seeing that these two fine games get more participation and organization next year.

Back inside to our spacious gym which is lined off into three seperate courts and can quite easily accomadate various indoor activities. The staff produced a three-way indoor program to be followed right after outdoor rec, including such events as badminton, ball hockey, basketball, the 5BX exercise program, tennis, volleyball, and the off court activities like weight lifting, table tennis, and shuffleboard. There seems to be a good variety and there also seems to be little complaint that the more popular sports were alloted more time and space. For instance every inmate can't or won't play, or maybe doesn't even enjoy body contact sports. The program has compensated for this and each inmate should appreciate and respect the fact that we should all be entitled to a choice of our preferred form of recreation.

The badminton courts buzzed and the shuttlecocks whizzed constantly as this court game works on a first come, first serve, and challenge the winner basis. There is lots of singles and doubles competition and with the amount of good talent I've seen here, I am hoping the new badminton commissioner can draw up a workable tournament soon. There sure is enough potential.

Basketball is played only on scrub basis, but the group managed to run off some pretty decent games. There seems to be a few basketball keeners among the general population and prospects for an inter-unit league are hanging in the balance. What we need is a good league president to get things off the ground!

The preparation for league volleyball shows a lot of promise for the upcoming winter and we hope to see a five or six team schedule. Belland in #11 seems to be the man showing the most interest in running the show. Let's hope that whoever gets the president's job, also gets the required support.

Indoor tile tennis is definately a challenge but not to the few Davis Cup

seekers we have here. No one has shown the initiative yet as league president so it looks as though a league that shouldn't be really too hard to handle may not make it.

Ball hockey has gone from scrub to inter-unit exhibition games already, with actual league play to begin around November 24th or 25th. This game is our biggy in popularity and requires a lot of time and effort from the still open presidency. We have to have a good man for this job and the unit coaches and managers have to officialy elect someone to handle the job. So far during exhibition play there have been a lot of questions left unanswered pertaining to the constitution and the rules. We can not play a decent game if the players, and especially the referees, can't study the rules. So let's get our asses in gear so we won't have this sport ending up in the Victoriaville Revolution. No stats were available at this time on exhibition games, but unit 11 looks like a strong contender.

One of the most successful programs that's shown good participation and lots of fat left behind in the gym was, and still is the Armed Forces 5BX exercises. Much credit has to go to Rene Durocher of unit 9 who initiated the program, instructed it, and has put a lot of time into making such a worthwhile discipline work. After the warm-up run of ten to twenty minutes and then sometimes grueling basic exercises, a little spice was added to the program with European handball, (quick to gain popularity) gymnastics and volleyball. A note of appreciation should be extended to Rick Partridge and his young dynamite gymnasts who have been running a Monday night gymnastics clinic here for the 5BX squad.

Weight lifting and body building still has its regulars and part time rookies. Muscle Beach has got nothing on the west corner of our gym. We definately need more and better equipment, although the Universal Body Building machine has increased in popularity among the part time gang. Let's hope someone can show an interest in getting a few competitions happening, a bid in for more equipment, and maybe even a beginners program for those "kick sand in the face" people who might be embarrassed to start working out with the regulars.

That just about brings us to the end of the fall session here on the hill and for the most part there. has been good participation from the general population. As I said before there is ample opportunity even for the meeker athletes with such a diversified program so come on down and make your play. A healthy body is a good start for a healthy mind.

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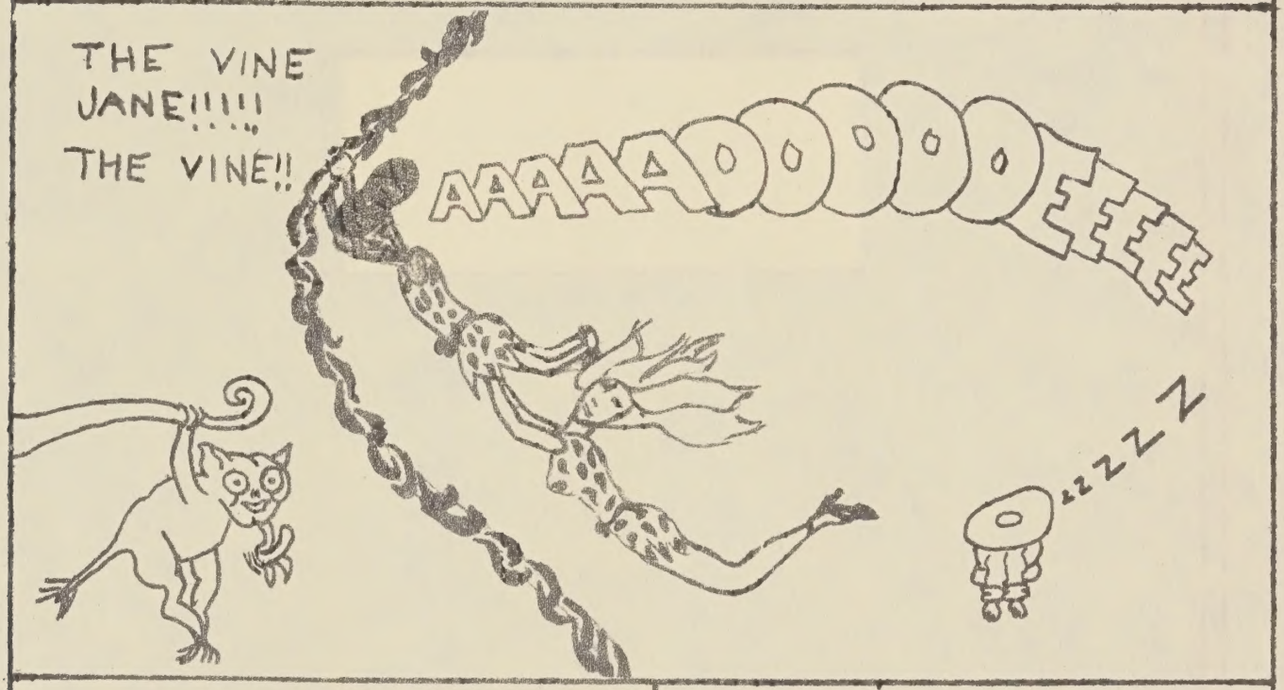

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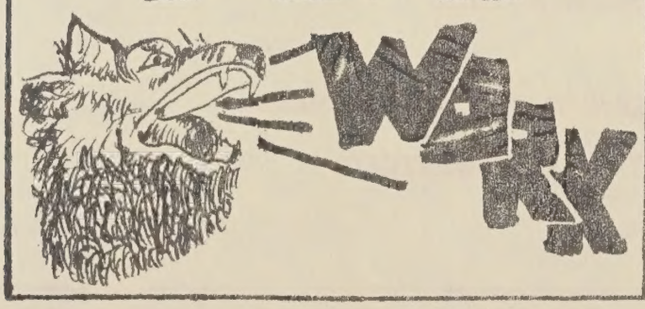

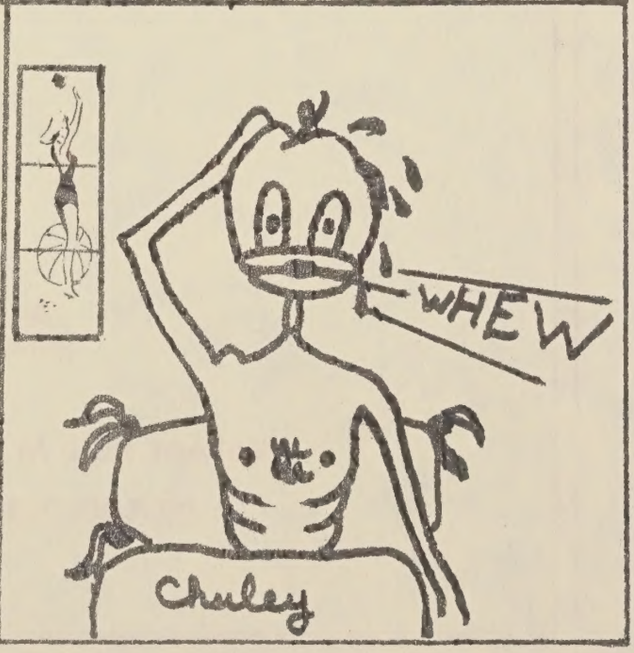

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